

THE  
SATURDAY REVIEW  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,459, Vol. 56.

October 13, 1883.

[ Registered for  
Transmission abroad. ]

Price 6d.

EGYPT.

THERE is reason to believe that the present is a moment of great importance in the history of the relations of England with Egypt. For the last two months, or ever since the rising of Parliament, other subjects have occupied the public mind. Reasonable politicians were satisfied with the careful avoidance of any compromising pledges by Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir CHARLES DILKE in the last Egyptian debate. Although those persons who are always pining for some opportunity of curtailing the British Empire and weakening the position of England among nations affected to comfort themselves with the hope of a speedy evacuation, the hard fact remained that the utterances of Ministers were strictly compatible with an occupation of absolutely indefinite length. At that time, and, for the matter of that, at this time, England stood and stands pledged only to leave Egypt at a day which is as impossible to fix as the Greek Kalends or the coming of the Coqigrues. No foreign Power could find the slightest handle for complaint, save perhaps in the rash words, now long superseded and revoked by more responsible utterances, of Lord HARTINGTON and the practically unimportant opinions of Mr. COURTNEY. In honour as in the letter, before the English public as before the world, England is pledged not to leave Egypt until the Egyptian Constitution, the new arrangements for social and political and administrative reform in Egypt, the affairs of Egypt generally, are put in a fair way of business-like and prosperous working. Of the moment when this point may be said to have been reached England herself is the only judge, and it is therefore impossible to imagine a situation which, unless its advantages are frittered away, is more favourable for the retention of an influence solid in fact, though unostentatious in exercise.

It is unfortunately true that the process of frittering has already begun. More than a year has now passed since Tel-el-Kebir; the drooping spirits of the enemies of English influence in Egypt have revived; and one recent appointment in particular shows that France has every intention of regaining, if it be possible, the somewhat inexplicable share of control over Egyptian affairs which she was allowed to hold before ARABI'S insurrection, and which she forfeited by the curious blunder or miscalculation whereby she was compelled to remain inactive at the critical moment. At home the already-mentioned domestic adversaries are becoming clamorous for withdrawal, despite the appeal for "patience" of a voice so potent, even from their point of hearing, as Sir EVELYN WOOD'S. It is by no means certain how long Mr. GLADSTONE will be able to reconcile himself to the unwonted business of lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of the Empire. He has hitherto avoided any fatally compromising expressions, and he deserves credit and praise for this. But where Mr. GLADSTONE and his Government can hardly be said to deserve credit or praise is in that they have by no means occupied the time as it might have been occupied, either for the purpose of bettering the condition of Egypt, or for the purpose of rooting English influence so deeply that even a nominal withdrawal to the natural observatory of Cyprus (could Mr. GLADSTONE'S susceptibilities permit this), or to the less natural and convenient observatories of Malta and Aden, would not affect it. Instead of securing the posts of vantage throughout the public service with officials who might be trusted at once to look to the benefit of the fellahen and to the maintenance of

the inspectorship-paramount (if a new term may be devised for a new thing) of England, the old corrupt bureaucracy has, by all accounts, been too frequently allowed to resume its profitable and pernicious operations, while side by side with it Europeans of nationalities which, since last year, possess no hold on Egypt except a purely non-political one, have been permitted to influence the proceedings of Government. In one sense, the reproaches flung at England by Frenchmen and Italians in the matter of the cholera were absurd enough. To a certain extent the mismanagement of that period even justified English action by showing how extreme was the need of administrative reform, and how impossible it was to expect that reform from native agencies or from a mongrel French-Egyptian-Levantine officialdom. But it showed also that the English Government were very slow to recognize what, in their own interest and in the interest of the inhabitants of Egypt, had to be done. The beautiful card-castle of Lord DUFFERIN'S Constitution—so prettily modelled, so ingeniously proportioned, and, to judge by experience up to the present time, so hard to construct, even to the extent of a single story of cards, in practice—might perhaps have waited with advantage while the actual working Government of the country was overhauled, its weak places mended, and its interim operation secured by pouring in a sufficient staff of English and Anglo-Indian administrators. The authority of the KHEDIVÉ, to establish which we went to Egypt, and in virtue of which we stay there, would, properly used, have been ample to justify the necessary operations; and energy bestowed on them might have been more profitable than conflicting and inharmonious efforts to give Egypt a police, which it wanted much, a gendarmerie, which it wanted a little, and an army, which it ought not to want at all. For Egypt cannot afford little wars against little neighbours; and in great wars against great neighbours it must, in any case, be powerless, even if it were not henceforward the business of somebody else to look after these.

An explanation which is rather of the character of an accusation than of an excuse is sometimes attempted for all this, to the effect that the action of England has been hampered by the necessity of employing agents and agencies—her own as well as others—which had been planned for and accustomed to a different state of affairs, and which are strange and unhandy in the new order of things. This is a bad compliment to the persons glanced at, and not a very good one to those who have employed them. But it can only be accepted as part of a larger fault on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, a fault which has all along marked its conduct, and which has almost worn the appearance of a weariness of well-doing after the unwonted activity of last autumn. It has behaved in Egypt and towards Egypt with a kind of gingerly uncertainty, which was tolerably sure to reproduce itself in the acts of its subordinates. It has allowed its good intentions to be frustrated by native and foreign intrigue and obstruction, the pressure of its influence to be adroitly avoided, its measures for assuring and perpetuating that influence to be delayed and in part foiled. In the cholera, in the trials of the rebels, in the administrative reforms, in the formation of the forces that are to assure public safety, it has interfered certainly, and has even pretty constantly interfered, but always in a kind of "Hope-I-don't-intrude" fashion, which has necessarily marred the effect of the interference. Nor is it possible

to mistake the reason of this bashfulness. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues were forced by a fortunate conjunction of circumstances, and perhaps by the astuteness of one or two individual persons who, in this instance at any rate, have deserved well of England, into a course entirely foreign to their general policy, flatly contradictory to some of their most vehement professions, personally distasteful to many of them, and violently disliked by a considerable body of their most fervent partisans. It has been said, and it may be cheerfully repeated, that they deserve great credit not merely for their conduct in the actual emergency, but for the prudence of their public utterances since—a prudence rarely infringed, and then only in a manner which admitted of easy reparation. But it is almost impossible that the action of a Government in such circumstances should have the directness, the steadiness of advance, the unswerving energy which marks the action of men who are doing what is congenial to them. One would hardly call in a distinguished allopath to carry out a course of strictly homoeopathic treatment, or apply to a fanatic of Palladian architecture for a cathedral in Second Pointed. The instability which naturally results from the circumstances has affected the results of the Government action, and the state of Egypt is now very different from what it would have been if Lord DUFFERIN had been allowed to follow the course for which his soul evidently panted—the course of summoning an Anglo-Indian official (he would, perhaps, scarcely have chosen Sir EVELYN BARING), and handing over Egypt to him, with a *carte blanche* and a God-speed. But the Government has hitherto been, on the whole, loyal to the trust reposed in it by the nation; and its loyalty, if not its vigour, should be frankly acknowledged. It remains to be seen whether this loyalty will stand the test of the renewed intrigues of foreign Powers on the one hand, and of the redoubled clamour of English non-interventionists on the other.

#### THE EXTENSION OF THE COAL DUTIES.

MR. COURTNEY is probably only the mouthpiece of the Government or of the Treasury when he refuses to concur in the prolongation of the Metropolitan Duty on Coals. It is not to be supposed that the decision whether ten or twelve millions shall be raised by any particular tax is absolutely controlled by a Minister who is neither a member of the Cabinet nor the head of a department. It is only in the selection of arguments and in the temper and tone of discussion that the SECRETARY of the TREASURY is independent and original. It may have been an official duty to refuse the request of the Board of Works. The merit of communicating the resolution of the Government in the most offensive form belongs exclusively to the SECRETARY of the TREASURY. Though Mr. COURTNEY has, among many other accomplishments, wide political experience, he was not in office, if he was in the House of Commons, during Mr. GLADSTONE's former Administration. He seems to have forgotten the personal share which two or three members of the Liberal Government took in producing the political reaction of 1874. It was at that time difficult to communicate with the Chancellor of the Exchequer without becoming the object of some ingenious sarcasm, while strangers and subordinates were equally liable to be insulted, if they had any application to make, at one time to the Treasury, at another to the Board of Works. The resentment which was thus provoked gradually accumulated, until, according to general belief, it exercised a perceptible influence at the general election. The late proposal of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation might or might not, on a balance of considerations, be thought consistent with the public interest; but it was assuredly within the competence of the municipal authorities to make it, although the ultimate decision rested with the Government.

Some of Mr. COURTNEY's objections applied to the merits of the schemes which were contemplated by the two governing bodies. About one-half of the proceeds of the tax, if it was continued, was to have been employed in the construction of a high level bridge and two tunnels below London Bridge. The remainder would have been available for improvements of the streets in different parts of London. It would have been possible to distinguish between the two sets of works, and, if one of them alone were approved, the duration or amount of the Coal Duty might have been proportionately limited. The intended alterations in the

streets, whether or not they were urgently required, would have been undoubtedly beneficial. The tunnels also would probably be largely used, and they would produce no inconvenience or disadvantage to any interest. There is more room for difference of opinion as to the expediency of erecting a bridge near the Tower. When the scheme was, three or four years ago, submitted to a Committee of the House of Commons, evidence of weight was given on either side. The opponents of the plan, among whom the Corporation was then included, contended that the gradient of the bridge would render it unsuitable for heavy traffic; and the wharfingers and others interested in the river trade asserted that the navigation would be seriously impeded. The gradients of a tunnel would be very nearly as heavy as those of a bridge; but such an alternative plan would obviate the difficulty connected with the navigation. To ordinary minds it seems an anomaly that a population of a million on the North of the Thames should be absolutely separated from a community of equal magnitude on the South. It is, of course, an important question whether the removing of the existing obstacle is worth its cost.

As the representative for the immediate purpose of the Government, Mr. COURTNEY properly took into consideration not only the proposed benefit and its cost, but the mode in which the funds were to be raised. As no contribution was asked from the national revenue, the Treasury might be expected to act as a dispassionate and friendly adviser. If the works are to be executed, either an addition must be made to the rates, or the Duty on Coal must be continued for a calculated number of years. Mr. COURTNEY seems to have a wholesome prejudice against indirect taxes, though the Coal Duty has no protective operation. It would, undoubtedly, be better that it should be abolished, unless it can be used to produce for the community which pays the tax some corresponding benefit. It is the general belief that London is in want of more than one material improvement, which might, of course, in each case be compared with the necessary outlay. One difficulty which Mr. COURTNEY oddly declares to be fatal to the plan is purely technical. The district administered by the Metropolitan Board of Works is known not exactly to coincide with the area over which the Coal Duty extends. It might be supposed that, if the plan were otherwise thought to be expedient, an alteration of the limits either of the jurisdiction of the Board of Works or of the district liable to the duty was not beyond the range of legislative sagacity. In rolls of red tape knots which from time to time occur must be either cut or untied. If the objection had really been conclusive, it would have been unnecessary to discuss either the principle of taxation or the utility of the proposed improvements. According to Mr. COURTNEY, the tax is at present unjustly apportioned; and the Board of Works commits an injustice in applying the proceeds to its general purposes. It is by no means obvious that a duty on coal consumed in the metropolis and the surrounding district is more burdensome than a levy of the same amount on rateable property. It is at least certain that direct taxation is more unpopular than an imperceptible addition to the price of a necessary of life.

Not content with withholding the sanction of the Government from the proposal of the two governing bodies, Mr. COURTNEY goes out of his way to impute to both motives which are perhaps imaginary, and which can at most be matters of conjecture. The Board of Works and the Corporation declared that the proposed improvements were urgent; and the SECRETARY of the TREASURY replies that, as long as they can find employment to justify their own existence, they are likely always to project a series of improvements which they will represent as urgent. In other words, he professes to disbelieve not only in the wisdom but in the honesty of the Board of Works, and by implication of the rulers of the City. As he plainly tells them, they are not sincere in thinking it expedient to establish a connexion between the two banks of the river. As to widening of streets or removal of nuisances, the real object of the Board of Works is to secure a longer lease of jurisdiction, which, as Mr. COURTNEY hints, is essentially illegitimate. Even a Secretary of the Treasury might be expected to remember that the Board of Works derives all its powers from Acts of Parliament. The Thames Embankment and the Metropolitan system of sewerage have long since been completed by the Board; but Mr. COURTNEY's predecessors, though Mr. AYRTON was one of their number, were not ingenious enough to discover that



the members of the Board were actuated by corrupt or selfish motives. They are not paid for their labours, but Mr. COURTNEY suggests that they are induced to make streets and sewers exclusively by personal ambition. Where a bias of the kind is reasonably suspected the charge is not always rudely blurted out. The members of the Board of Works are elected by the Vestries, which are at least as capable as a popular constituency of estimating the qualifications of their nominees. It is not the business of subordinate members of the Government to sneer publicly at other constituted authorities.

As it seems improbable that a Minister of Mr. COURTNEY's ability should wantonly attack a public body which has occasion to communicate with the Treasury, it seems likely that he thought the occasion suitable for discrediting an authority which the Government proposes to supersede. If the Board of Works can be brought into contempt, one impediment in the creation of a central Municipality may possibly be removed. A dishonest or selfish body deserves to be abolished, and the vacancy may be supplied in accordance with the newfangled doctrines of popular suffrage. It may be doubted whether Sir W. HARCOURT will thank Mr. COURTNEY for volunteering his aid. Mr. FIRTH and Mr. BEAL have hitherto failed, notwithstanding their incessant efforts, to reconcile any parochial or local authority to their ambitious project. An Association for Municipal Reform which has been formed to promote their scheme, although it numbers some hundreds of names, many of them personally respectable, has not succeeded in impressing on the world in general any knowledge of its existence. One of its promoters is Secretary of some of the Radical Associations or Caucuses which have alone rallied round Mr. BEAL and the Government. Mr. COURTNEY's unprovoked attack on the Board of Works will increase the almost universal distaste for the dangerous experiment which is to be tried. His implied accusations would be equally appropriate to a Town Council elected by a widely extended suffrage. It is highly probable that a new Municipality might propose the very measures which are scornfully rejected when they are projected by the Metropolitan Board of Works. It would be easy, if it were thought politically expedient, to inform the future Corporation of London that its members represented improvements as urgent, for the purpose of rendering themselves necessary or popular. It is true that a Municipality which will probably also act as an organized political association may be too formidable to be exposed to official sneers. The Board of Works is absolutely independent of party, and it devotes itself exclusively to local duties. The Municipality of London will be constituted for other purposes, which will probably be attained.

#### AFFAIRS OF CHINA.

THE alarmist telegrams sent from Canton at the end of last week have happily turned out to be exaggerations of the now familiar kind. It has been much the habit of newspaper correspondents who have to keep the world informed of the progress of events in China to take it for granted that where the will exists the deed will follow. Because the mob of Canton shouted and threatened when an Englishman whom they hated escaped with what they doubtless thought the ridiculously light punishment of seven years' imprisonment for manslaughter, it was supposed that their acts might be as violent as their words. There can be no doubt whatever that the Chinese would massacre the European residents in the Treaty Ports on no provocation at all, if they thought it could be done safely. That, however, is a state of things which prevails wherever the English are settled in the East. No humanity or justice on the part of the Indian Government would save it for twenty-four hours from destruction if the more warlike races of the peninsula thought they could rebel with a fair prospect of success; and we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that we shall remain unmolested in Oriental countries as long as we are feared, and no longer. The Canton riots of a few weeks ago show that there is always a mob ready to plunder the European reservations when there is no force at hand to keep it in check. That outbreak fortunately reminded HER MAJESTY'S Ministers that they had a duty to perform to British residents in Chinese ports, and gunboats have been sent to protect them. As long as there are men-of-war in the harbour, and the Europeans are armed and

ready, no very serious danger is to be feared from the barbarous violence of the mob. As far as can be judged from somewhat meagre reports, LOGAN had well deserved the punishment he received. He was accused of having fired at random and unprovoked into a crowd of Chinese, and of having caused the death of one of them. As he has been tried by his own countrymen and found guilty, there can be no doubt that he committed the offence of which he was accused, and for which seven years' imprisonment was certainly not an excessive punishment. Nothing could well be more fatal to the interests of our Government in the East than that its subordinate agents should be allowed to think that they can safely be reckless in dealing with the lives of the natives. The imprisonment of LOGAN will be a useful lesson to other Englishmen who may be inclined to imitate his overhasty use of the revolver. To hope that it will satisfy the Chinese would be foolish indeed. If LOGAN had been handed over to the mob at Canton, to be put to death with all the refined tortures in which the Chinese excel, they would not have been satisfied. They would not have concluded from surrender that the English were just, but only that they were weak. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that trouble in the Treaty Ports does not necessarily mean trouble with China. If the rioting is renewed the Imperial, and even the Provincial, Governments may have the good sense to allow British consular and naval officers to take whatever steps they think necessary to protect the lives and the property of their fellow-subjects. It is impossible to feel certain that the Mandarins may not yield to popular violence; but it is highly improbable that they will allow an ignorant mob to deprive China of her best friend at so critical a time. If they cannot keep it in order themselves, they will at least not afford it any assistance.

The quarrel between France and China, on which in the long run the peace of the East must depend, is in the meanwhile dragging itself along very slowly. It is almost useless to speculate on the course it will take during the next few weeks. Those English critics who have a profound belief in the wisdom and virtue of the mere majority of a people are convinced that, as soon as the Chambers meet, M. FERRY will find himself compelled to surrender his active policy in Tonquin. By speculators of this stamp it is taken for granted that virtue and wisdom dictate a policy of peace. Much the same confidence is felt by those who think that common prudence requires the French to keep every available soldier at home to watch Germany. If the Parisian press is in any sense a trustworthy witness, the French themselves are far from holding either of these opinions. They are so far from thinking well of a policy of retirement that they were apparently never more disposed to defy the world in arms. They are confident that Germany will not attack them; and, as long as they have not to deal with her, they are indifferent to the rest of the world. A country which views its isolation in Europe with equanimity is not likely to shrink from a war with China. If the explanation of the policy of the Chinese which is for the moment in favour is based upon trustworthy information, it is obvious that they have not studied the ways of the outer barbarian in vain. The Government at Peking is waiting, we are told, for the meeting of the Chambers at Paris. When they have met, and it is found out whether or not M. FERRY's policy is approved of by the country, then China will regulate her conduct accordingly. If this interpretation of the policy of China is based upon anything but guesses, it would appear that they are scarcely inferior to their more imitative neighbours the Japanese in their power of comprehending European ideas and methods of government. There is fairly good reason for believing that the Chambers may leave M. FERRY in the lurch after encouraging him to adopt his present policy. They did as much with M. FREYCINET, and they were seized with a panic at the consequences of their own bellicose activity in Tunis. It is true that the cases are scarcely parallel. The French had not actually sent troops to Egypt, and the Chinese will do well to remember that they have not retired from Tunis. Nevertheless, it is just possible that when the Deputies understand that the enterprise so lightly undertaken in Tonquin cannot be carried through without a great outlay of money and the despatch of a considerable army, they may become frightened, and insist upon getting out of the difficulty on any terms. The Chinese are undoubtedly justified in counting on this chance of settling the dispute with credit to themselves and without any serious risk to their Empire. It is at least possible that they are also calculating the

chances of a European war, which would most effectually relieve them from all their difficulties.

Except for persons of a very hopeful temperament, it cannot be said that anything which is now known makes the continuance of peace more probable than it was a few weeks ago. Every day brings fresh evidence that, as France is growing more and more convalescent from the wounds of the last great war, its people are again beginning to indulge in their old Chauvinist dreams. There is no reason to suppose that the honour and prestige of their country are less dear to Frenchmen now than they were in days when universal suffrage did not exist or existed only as a form. They are very ignorant of the strength and character of foreign nations, but they know that to retire from an enterprise which has been once undertaken is a most humiliating way of confessing defeat. France has certainly undergone many changes of late years, but it remains to be proved that it is prepared to submit to such humiliation. The news from Tonquin is not likely to make such a course more palatable. On the one hand the French position is reported to have improved. Dr. HARMAND is confident that he has got rid of the Black Flags by treaty—which is, no doubt, a euphemism for bribery. He has bought his enemies off; but whether they have been persuaded or forced to go, they have taken themselves off, and the French are rid of them for the present, and in so far they are more advantageously placed for making themselves masters in Tonquin than they have hitherto been. But as the French grow stronger the demands of the Chinese seem to rise. At first they were content to ask for a neutral zone on the frontier of Yunnan. Such an arrangement would probably have established an Alsatia in the neighbourhood of the French possessions, and so might have been prejudicial to the chances of permanent peace; but it would have tided over the difficulty for the moment. Now it seems that the Chinese are asking for nothing short of the direct sovereignty over the whole Songkoi Valley. They have come to the conclusion that, since they must have the French as neighbours, it is better they should be on the borders of Tonquin than on the Yunnan frontier. These demands may be made for the mere purpose of dragging out negotiations and leaving a wide margin for concessions; but even so they are a further proof that the Chinese are determined to yield nothing which they consider essential.

#### THE CHURCH COURTS AND THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE debate which lasted over two sittings of the late Church Congress upon the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission possessed a unique value. Questions are seldom introduced on the stage of a Congress until they have run the gauntlet of public discussion elsewhere, and the function of such a debate is to pronounce that which, if not quite claiming to be a last word, does, generally speaking, mark a period at which the controversy has reached a state of comparative maturity. But, in the present instance, the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission is as a public document not nearly so ancient as the QUEEN'S Speech which prorogued Parliament seven weeks ago, and can hardly yet have been read by all who most desire to study it. So the action of the Bishop of OXFORD, himself one of the Commissioners and a member of the Subjects Committee, in throwing it open to such an early debate, and allowing it, by an indulgence never previously accorded to any topic, to occupy two sittings, was an invitation to the members of the Congress to employ their own unaided judgments in building up that general opinion of Churchmen which would stamp the Report as a success, or by censuring it as a failure do much towards recalling chaos. The policy was bold; but, as a bold policy usually is, it was a sound one, and the result justified the enterprise. Not only were the speakers visibly impressed by the responsibility which they took upon themselves in contributing to an issue of probable peace or certain war within the Church for many years, but the audience, excited and eager as they certainly were, caught the infection of forethought in their expressions of approbation or censure.

We may afford to set aside Dr. HAYMAN'S laboured indictment, and the snarling appeal to Protestant prejudice, unworthy alike of the subject and of the speaker, in which Professor BURROWS indulged, in face of a chorus of approbation, which proved its sincerity and its value by its dis-

crimination. From Dr. WALTER PHILLIMORE and Mr. CHARLES WOOD, typical High Churchmen of the new school, and Canon TREVOR, whose High Churchmanship, decided and combative as it may be, is more old-fashioned, to Mr. DIBDIN, whose mission seems to be to show that Low Church opinions may be advocated with learning and moderation, the report was received with generous favour. The restoration to real life of the Bishops' and Archbishops' Courts, under the presidency of the spiritual persons whose names they bear, was especially popular; while the power assigned to the Bishops of stopping vexatious suits on which various Commissioners had offered reservations was emphatically approved. The doom pronounced upon the Church Discipline and Public Worship Regulation Acts was like the wakening from a bad dream, while the snub courteous was heartily appreciated which the Commission administered to the truant Public Worship Judge on whom the duties of Commissioner had sat as lightly as his responsibilities to the spiritual conditions of his office. Yet the assumptions which lay under the recommendations, and which were accepted *en bloc* as by other Commissioners so by Mr. WHITBREAD, the heir-at-law of the purest old Whig traditions, and in the main by Lord CHICHESTER, a veteran hero of Exeter Hall, were those which would not so many years back have brought upon the reckless Tractarian who had ventured to insinuate them the punishment, whatever it may be, which in our less direct age takes the place of lapidation. For in the Report we find clearly written the inherent existence and authority of the Christian Church, the continuity of the Church of England through all the centuries, and the legitimate claims of Convocation as its constitutional representative.

The recommendation which did not so completely command assent was the one which proposed that the Court of Final Appeal should be a lay court, and composed of temporal judges. It was shown, and, in fact, Chancellor ESPIN, one of the Commissioners, admitted as much in his speech, that this suggestion was a compromise, and a compromise which that body takes care in its Report to fence with very careful and stringent provisions. It would only entertain it if taken in combination with the other recommendations. The Court is only to judge of legal facts, and must keep clear of doctrine. The final pronouncing of the sentence is to be remitted to the Spiritual Court below; only the conclusion, and not the reasonings, are to prevail, and if those reasonings be given, they must be the separate utterance of the particular judges; and, finally, it is to be in the power of any judge to call in ecclesiastical assessors. It seems to us that it might be objected to these thoughtful provisions that "methinks the Commission doth protest too much." If such pains are to be taken to make a lay court as little of a lay court as possible, why not be just a little more bold and infuse the spiritual element more systematically? The place where the shoe pinches politicians is not the quality of the judges themselves, but the necessity of maintaining the supremacy of the Crown as the stakeholder of justice between man and man. Surely this could be met by arranging that the Court—whatever might be its relations to the Crown—should be composed of a due proportion of spiritual experts sitting as judges and not as assessors. There was also another suggestion which, as appeared from Chancellor ESPIN'S speech, came seriously under the consideration of the Commissioners, that the final appeal should only be granted to the defendant, which would in its way go far to satisfy objections.

On the whole, the Commission may well be content at the reception of their proposals by so large and characteristic a body of representative Churchmen. They will come in due time before the Diocesan Conferences, and we should anticipate from them a similar verdict. What Parliament may have to say to the Report is another matter; while from the first it must have been evident that the recommendations were too obviously for the advantage of the Church for it to have been possible that the Liberationist cabal could show any good will to them. But we confess that, familiar as we believed ourselves to be with the ways of these gentlemen, we never dreamed that a complaint so impudent, so unfair, and so ridiculous could have been put forward by any organization claiming to be public men as the snarl officially promulgated by the Executive Committee of the Liberation Society, against the provision that every judge of the Archbishops' own Court and every judge of the



Church's own Court of Final Appeal shall declare himself to be a member of the Church of England, "as involving a civil disqualification on ecclesiastical grounds, as placing the members of the Church of England on a different footing from Nonconformists in regard to the administration of justice, and as being inconsistent with the position of the Church as a national institution." Mr. GLADSTONE will, no doubt, be very laudatory; but will he be able to press the needful legislation on his party and on his Cabinet? The applause of the Church Congress is not the shout of victory, but the muster cry of men who are entering with spirit upon a campaign which may be long and arduous.

One thing, however, we may say for certain, that the healing properties of the Report within the Church itself will be real and rapid. There was no more acute grief at the heart of many of the most earnest Churchmen than the oppressiveness of isolation. They felt, or they believed that they felt, that they were deprived of the sympathy from their spiritual superiors which the consciousness of their own intentions and their own works told them that they were entitled to claim. Such sympathy is now accorded by them in the Report read in the spirit, and not merely in the letter, and with due value assigned to its surroundings. Troubles and vexations may still attend the course of Church affairs; but the air which Churchmen breathe will have been purified from the miasma of mistrust.

#### IRELAND.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in at last concluding his long series of addresses and receptions in the North of Ireland, has given another opportunity to his unfriendly critics. What has he said? they ask; what policy has he propounded? What cry has he put into Conservative mouths? As it happens, the necessity of union, in order to preserve the country, is perhaps not such a bad party cry, from the merely party point of view. But the critics have made an even greater mistake than this. They confound political means with political ends, and in the confusion they make the further blunder of supposing that there can be only one kind and one class of political means. Because Mr. GLADSTONE in 1880 succeeded in turning out his opponents, by elaborate vituperation and by large and apparently precise promises of legislation, it does not follow that large and apparently precise promises of legislation, accompanied by elaborate vituperation of opponents, are the only methods available for the purpose. In a memorable instance Mr. GLADSTONE himself found that what he doubtless thought an infallible bait fell before the very nose of the fish without its paying the least attention to it. The electors of 1874 were tired of plundering and blundering, and they said so very emphatically, despite the promise of remitted taxation. The electors of 1880 felt apparently a cheerful appetite for plunder and a generous enterprise for political experiment, blunder or not. The electors of 1884, or of any future year, may be in either of these moods, or in any one of a dozen others. It is partly the luck and partly the skill of the political leader to create or to influence the reigning mood in his own favour, and it must be a remarkably blind politician who denies that in at least a section, and a not unimportant section, of one of the three kingdoms, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has had this luck or shown this skill. If there were a general election next week, the Ulster vote would probably be solid for, or very nearly so, the Tory "ticket." These moods pass, of course; but that is not the fault of the politician. He does his part in raising the wind, and making it blow so as to fill his own sails at such opportunities as may be open to him.

The particular engine which the Conservative leader has used is one which seems to excite the derision of some critics. In this attitude, had it been shown on the other side, there would probably have been discovered symptoms of the disease of that inobservant club-haunting Londoner who has done so much work in Radical hands. The unity of the Empire? Who cares about the unity of the Empire? has been repeated in various tones of incredulity, some of which, at any rate, appear to be genuine. The answer is that, if facts prove anything, Ulster cares a good deal about the unity of the Empire. But, it is said, this demonstration has been procured by unworthy means, by truckling to sectarian hatred and blowing the ashes of fires which ought to have been long quenched. In the first place, this

is not true; for, not only have Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's own speeches been characterized, as the fairer minded among his antagonists have admitted, by an entire absence of the inflammatory element, but the local and acknowledged leaders of the Orange Society have also, for the most part, displayed great moderation. Although the campaign has not closed without incidents that must be regretted, these incidents have been few, and merely such as, in the unfortunate state of Ireland, but too frequently occur on much less dangerous occasions. But, supposing that advantage has been taken of the existence of a feeling of rivalry between different parts of Ireland, two questions of the first importance have to be asked. The first is, With what propriety does the objection come from men who have constantly and systematically worked on the sectarian feelings of the English Nonconformists, the provincial antipathies of the Welsh, and the galvanized nationalism of Scotland for partisan purposes? The other and the much more important question is, What is the special purpose for which the *esprit de corps* of Orangeism has been evoked? Not the infliction of disqualifications on any rival, not the acquisition of any political plunder for Ulster or for Orangemen, but simply the defence and maintenance of the Union of England and Ireland. What has been invited is resistance to the attacks which are constantly made (and not only on the western side of the Irish Sea) on the Constitution; and the promoting of loyal and honest organization to be set against the organization of robbery and murder. The proclamation, in short, which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has made, which has been enthusiastically responded to, and which yet seems to some English critics an idle and empty piece of babble, is, "Who is on the side of England? Let him come and work with us."

The only question that remains, therefore, is whether this is an idle cry or whether it is not. The extreme supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE, or rather such of them as do not happen to be also committed to Home Rule, say that it is. Their theory of the attitude of Ireland to England is very simple. Irishmen were angry with Englishmen because they did not like the Land-laws; Mr. GLADSTONE has altered the Land-laws, and it will be all right in time. Unfortunately, it is quite impossible for any one who knows the facts to accept this cheerful view, and it is certain that the more intelligent members of the Government are very far themselves from accepting it. They know well enough that the land agitation was only an incident of the general agitation in Ireland against English rule, against Union with England, against community with England in any form. They know that this agitation, representing doubtless in part only the interested schemes of demagogues, who take it up as a matter of political business, represents also the unreasoning and unreasonable, but not the less ardent and definite, anti-English feeling of a great part of the Irish people. The endless controversy as to the causes, the justifications, the origins, the antidotes, of this feeling are here quite out of place. It is only important to know that it exists, and whosoever does not know that it exists may make up his mind that there is another thing he does not know, and that is Ireland. Irrational, iniquitous, insane, inexcusable, or pitiable, justified by English misconduct in days past, excusable as a form of the natural desire of national independence—these different descriptions, accept or reject any of them as any given person may, do not affect the fact of the existence of the sentiment which they describe. But, it is also a fact that the opposite sentiment—the sentiment of the advantages accruing to Ireland from the Union, and of the ruinous disaster which Home Rule, and much more separation, would bring—also exists largely in Ireland. In the West and South there is little of it, owing to the low stage of intellectual development of the people and the perpetual state of excitement and delusion in which they are kept by those who have most influence with them. In the East it is stronger, in the North it is almost paramount. The false lights of the land agitation seemed for a time to lure away some Northerners to the opposite side; and the great significance of the Leaguer invasion of Ulster, followed by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's tour, is the evidence given that the period of delusion is over. No doubt the party of sedition will not abandon the game. They threaten a fresh attempt—this time on Fermanagh—next week, and it is not improbable that the hope of provoking sanguinary riots, rather than any solid expectation of converting Orangemen, is their main motive. But, however this may be, it is certain that the excitement of Orange feeling

which the Monaghan election first, then the "invasion," lastly, the advent of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, brought about is in this way salutary—that it has recalled public attention to the true character of the Irish struggle. That struggle is not between landlord and tenant, it is not between Romanist and Protestant, still less is it between North and South. It is simply between the friends of England and the enemies of England, between those who are loyal to the Crown and the Constitution and those who, under whatever disguise, are disloyal to both. The fact, though never obscure to the initiated, has been obscured to outsiders by the land agitation, which the adroit management of the Leaguers and the complaisant assistance of Mr. GLADSTONE enabled Mr. PARNELL to carry to a great extent in his own sense and to his own advantage. It is now free from any such misleading disguise. It is not earth-hunger, it is still less zeal for the POPE, which makes some Irishmen labour to reduce the proceedings of Parliament to a farce, and others subscribe for the defence of the alleged murderer of one who brought murderers to justice, and others to keep holiday in honour of the slayers of unfortunate constables who have discharged their plain and simple duty. It is hatred of England; and the only way to meet it, next to employing the strong hand of English power to keep down and punish its manifestations, is to foster, rally, and unite in every possible way the representatives of the friendship to England which fortunately co-exists.

#### SPAIN AND FRANCE.

TO impartial foreigners it seems that the French Ministers would have done well to grant the full satisfaction which was expected, if not demanded, by King ALFONSO and his advisers. When the PRESIDENT of the Republic orally delivered a formal and not inadequate apology, the KING properly required that the expression of regret should be made as public as the insult. Although M. GRÉVY at once admitted the justice of the demand, the words of the apology have never been inserted in the official journal. After some delay, the journal has declared that a version of the PRESIDENT's speech which had appeared in another paper was to be regarded as official. The recognition of a document independently published is but an awkward contrivance, though a similar process is, at great public inconvenience, constantly employed in English Parliamentary legislation. As it stands, the apology is so far incomplete that M. GRÉVY's denunciation of the culprits as wretches or *miserables* has been omitted; but it is not worth the while of the Spanish Government to quibble about phrases, and the incident is apparently approaching its end, though full satisfaction has not yet been accorded. The dismissal of General THIBAUDIN, which of course could not have been demanded or suggested by the Spanish Government, is a more definite atonement for the offence which was committed than even M. GRÉVY's apology. By insisting on the removal of his disloyal colleague M. FERRY indicates his opinion that the duty of paying proper respect to a friendly sovereign was incumbent on every member of the Cabinet. It is probable that he was on other grounds glad to get rid of an obnoxious Minister; but the Spaniards may, if they think fit, assume that General THIBAUDIN has been sacrificed to their offended feelings. It is to be hoped that the soreness which has been felt will gradually disappear. The Spanish AMBASSADOR may probably resign his post, in pursuance of an intention which he had announced before the KING's arrival in Paris; and it will be desirable that his retirement should not amount to a recall. The outrage perpetrated by the Paris mob has fortunately injured no country or Government except that which was partly responsible for the offence. The Germans look with complacency on the degradation of an enemy who is unwise enough to call attention incessantly both to a longing for revenge, and to incapacity to gratify hostile aspirations. The King of SPAIN is indebted to the rioters for the most cordial welcome in his capital which he has at any time received since his accession to the throne. As it always happens in public or private life, pleasurable excitement gives way to everyday business on the morrow of a holiday.

The resignation of Señor SAGASTA necessitates the formation of a new Ministry at Madrid, though the result of future combinations is still uncertain. When the irritation against France has finally subsided, the untoward

events which preceded the KING's foreign journey will again force themselves on general attention. The foreign squabble is infinitely less important than the revival after several years of the ill-omened custom of military revolts. The disturbances which actually occurred at Badajoz and elsewhere seemed to be trivial, and the mutinies were immediately suppressed; but it is suspected that the outbreaks were connected with more complicated conspiracies. The case against Señor ZORRILLA was thought serious enough to justify remonstrances addressed to the French Government, which, in its turn, acknowledged, to a certain extent, the justice of the Spanish representations. There are different accounts of the success of the KING's subsequent visit to the Northern provinces. Favoured Correspondents are expected to furnish pleasant reports of royal visits in which they accompany the principal guest. According to some reports the soldiers displayed tendencies to disaffection, while the general population is said to have been cold and indifferent. It is possible that Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS may have been the real object of dislike, as he seems to have lost any influence which he may formerly have acquired over the army. It is now understood that he will immediately resign his office of Minister of War, without waiting for the meeting of the Cortes. The choice of a successor seems to be wholly uncertain. Other changes are expected, and there may be several candidates for the administration of the army.

It is not even known whether the Ministers will resign in a body, though it is thought probable that Señor SAGASTA will attempt to form another Government. He might form a strong combination by inviting the chiefs of the various sections of the Liberal party to form a coalition. Señor MORET has lately taken more than one opportunity of proclaiming his loyalty to the KING; and the Republicans would offer but a faint opposition to a Government which included representatives of the Extreme Left. The difficulties by which the present Cabinet is surrounded seem to show that Señor SAGASTA formed his Government on too narrow a basis. If the other Liberal leaders will be content to dispense with constitutional changes, their party might perhaps form a strong administration. Another candidate for the post of Prime Minister is Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, who is universally recognized as the chief of the Conservative party. In the present Cortes he could scarcely hope to secure a majority; but a Spanish Minister almost always strengthens himself by a general election. The immediate object of all the competitors for office is to secure to their respective leaders the conduct of the impending elections. They are, therefore, but secondarily interested in conciliating Parliamentary support. The KING occupies the position of arbitrator; and his political leaning is imperfectly understood. When ALFONSO XII. on his arrival at full maturity first intervened in public affairs, he dismissed his old preceptor and friend CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO from office, though he was then supported by a Parliamentary majority, for the avowed reason that he thought a rotation of office desirable.

The extreme Liberals have never formally dissolved the alliance which was concluded some months ago by several of their leaders with the inevitable SERRANO. The some time favourite of Queen ISABELLA, who, after he had aided in dethroning her, was at one time Regent of the Kingdom, has for nearly half a century been engaged in combinations, which have frequently resulted in his attainment of office. Although his political opinions were known to be elastic, some surprise was felt when he joined a party of which a principal object was the re-establishment of the impracticable Constitution of 1867. That document, composed after the fall of the QUEEN, while a monarchical Government was nominally maintained during the interregnum, provided for the conversion of any Cortes which might at any time be sitting into a Constituent Assembly with unlimited powers. It was obviously absurd to create a machinery by which, without the necessity of a revolution, a King might suddenly find himself confronted by a legal Republican Government. It was not unnaturally suspected that the authors of the plan attached comparatively little importance to institutions which might be at the mercy of military leaders. The lately organized Opposition, in which Marshal SERRANO was to take a principal part, was for the time entirely baffled by the skill and energy of Señor SAGASTA. It is not known whether the managers of the combination had anything to do with the recent mutinies in the North. It was lately announced that Marshal SERRANO had, like other civil and military



dignitaries, hurried to Madrid for the purpose of expressing his loyalty to the KING on the occasion of the untoward affair at Paris. It seems not impossible that he may take the opportunity of fishing in the troubled waters of a Ministerial crisis.

The Liberal party complain that Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO and his political associates are favourable to a policy of repression. The expediency of coercive measures must always depend on circumstances. It is not known that there is any present apprehension of political disturbances in any part of Spain, though the military revolts have evidently caused a general feeling of uneasiness. It is highly probable that, if order were at stake, SAGASTA would be as ready as any of his rivals to employ vigorous measures against the offenders. The first necessity of such a Government as that of Spain is a determination to enforce obedience to law among civilians, and to exercise just severity in the event of military revolts. It was by his recognition of the primary duty of maintaining order that Señor CASTELAR, as nominal head of a Republican Government and practical Dictator, redeemed much of the wild absurdity of his former political utterances. It may probably be for the public interest that a King of Spain should not be a mere constitutional sovereign of the artificial English type. He almost certainly intends to take an active part in the constitution of the future Administration, and members of the Government will find it necessary to consider his opinions in public affairs. He will also probably take part in diplomatic transactions. It is possible that the personal relations which he has established with the German and Austrian Courts may facilitate the partial admission of Spain to the councils of the Great Powers. The KING would acquire a large accession of popularity if he could contribute in this respect to the gratification of national pride. There is no longer a supreme European tribunal such as that which maintained the general peace during the generation after the great French war, but the honorary rank which belongs to a Great Power may in various contingencies acquire a political value. It is not probable that the King of SPAIN and his Ministers will enter into any formal alliance with Germany and Austria; nor, indeed, are the two associated Empires inclined to admit additional partners on equal terms. It is well that Spain and Italy, and the minor States in South-Eastern Europe, should concur in the essentially pacific policy which has been organized by Prince BISMARCK. A formal undertaking to that effect would perhaps be unpopular in Spain. It is necessary there to consult in some degree the feelings of the Republican party, which in ordinary circumstances inclines rather to France than to Germany. In the East Spanish diplomatists have sometimes connected themselves with Russian intrigues. The course of events in Spain during the next few weeks will be regarded with reasonable curiosity. The policy of any party which may succeed to office will perhaps not be widely different from that which might have been pursued by its opponents if they had succeeded. Even if a foolish Constitution is introduced, it will, according to a judicious Spanish practice, be suspended or disregarded as soon as it proves to be inconvenient.

#### THE ILBERT BILL.

THE controversy respecting the ill-advised measure by which Lord RIPON and Mr. ILBERT have apparently determined to immortalize their names, at the expense of the English Empire, will probably prove to the student of some future day the most instructive experiment, in the Baconian sense, which he has it in his power to study in reference to the quality of that curious development of politics which for the moment calls itself Liberalism. Hitherto it has been justly claimed that all the argument has been on one side. The memorable occasion on which persons of no less importance than Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. FORSTER confessed by implication, and almost in words, their inability to answer the statement of the Indian Judges was perhaps the climax of the situation, but it was a climax from which the slope was hardly downwards. It was shown last week how infinitely damaging were the documents in which Sir EVELYN BARING, Sir ALFRED LYALL, and Mr. GRANT DUFF lent the weight of their names to the Government, and employed the weight of their pens against it. The full text of the protest of the Bombay Government and of the document in which no less a personage than Sir MADHAVA RAO acknowledges the impolicy of forcing the

measure have just strengthened the case. But the reception of Mr. ATKINS, a delegate sent after modern fashion to represent to middle and lower class Englishmen the objections of middle and lower class Anglo-Indians, if a less grave, is a more curious addition to the dossier. It is with some surprise, if surprise were any longer possible in such a matter, that the reader must have noted the comments of those supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE who support the Bill (and who would have equally supported a Bill in the exactly opposite sense had it been promoted in the same quarter) on the action of the railway servants' delegates at Edinburgh. The acceptance of the usual resolution as to the excellence of opening official positions without distinction of race and creed appears to these easily-pleased publicists decisive, not merely against Mr. ATKINS's mission, but also against the opposition to the Bill. It may be worth while to examine briefly the circumstances under which this important endorsement was affixed to the measure.

Mr. ATKINS, who displayed no inconsiderable ability in setting forth the case, naturally addressed himself as to persons who were unprejudiced in the matter. It was probably and rightly inconceivable to him that there should be any prejudgment on the subject, that he and his fellows in India should seem to have lost their birthright by migration, or that an assembly of persons, whose intelligence he had often seen exalted by English newspapers, should be incapable of deciding a matter on its merits. The subsequent discussion may probably have undeceived him. One delegate, with much gravity, informed Mr. ATKINS that he, the delegate, had heard that there were sects in India who would not hurt a fly, and demanded to know whether these good tidings were true. Here it must be admitted that Mr. ATKINS committed a fault. He appears to have missed the recondite bearing of the inquiry, which may be syllogistically expressed thus—a nation which includes sects that would not hurt a fly is a nation entirely fit for self-government; the Indian nation is a nation which, &c.; therefore the Indian nation, and so forth. Moreover, he seems, owing to long absence from England doubtless, to have been under the impression that English working-men of the delegate type understand humour. He therefore replied with great truth and frankness that there were sects who not only would not hurt a fly, but would not hurt insects much more generally objectionable and objected to. The questioning delegate was supported by a reasoning one. Englishmen, said this person, would not like Indians to be sent over to judge and govern them, therefore Indians are justified in disliking, &c. Finally, the stereotyped resolution which has found favour with a hundred Caucuses rewarded the pains which Mr. ATKINS had been at to lend spectacles to men who had no eyes. No word, no syllable even, in the verdict of the Edinburgh delegates betrays the smallest knowledge on their part of the merits and circumstances of the case. No line in it betokens that the argument of Mr. ATKINS had so much as made a beginning of entrance into their brains. They voted that distinctions of race and creed were undesirable in India, and should be removed accordingly. It is only surprising that they did not include distinctions of latitude and longitude among the inequalities whose removal is desirable. After this, the assurance of a certain Mr. FOGGO that "Liberal associations will afford a fair and impartial hearing to Mr. ATKINS" is scarcely wonderful. When the hearers have got their resolution by heart beforehand, and are certain to vote it, the lending of a fair and impartial ear to an advocate on the other side can do very little harm. So has a magistrate been known to say, "Mr. So-and-so, I have made up my mind to commit your client for trial; but if you wish to make any observations, it will give me great pleasure to hear them."

To bate not a jot of heart or hope is, however, the first principle of the political soldier; and it is not impossible that in this apparent triumph of unreason a way of safety may be found. The associations whose votes are so easily arranged beforehand, powerful as they are, are not yet omnipotent; and the effect of their utterance is in such cases as the present diminished, not increased, by every repetition of it which is accompanied by such a *reductio ad absurdum* as the comments and reasonings of the Edinburgh railway servants. The powerlessness, even of Caucuses, to make head against the force of reason when it has been driven home at the right moment and in the right way has been twice illustrated lately in the matters of the Channel Tunnel and of the Suez Canal. If the right place has not been found yet in a matter where the harm to England, though less immediate and tangible, is hardly

smaller than in either of these, the only way is to go on pounding. The unanimous opinion of the most experienced Anglo-Indians (for the voices on the other side are of no weight in comparison) must, however slowly it may filter hitherwards, have some effect. In the face of the counsel of those departmental officials whose sentiments were so impudently falsified by telegram, the Indian Government itself can hardly persist, whatever compromise it may make to save its dignity, in a measure which is now shown to be directly or indirectly opposed by almost every authority of competence in the country. It is indeed unfortunate that, in a useful brochure which has lately been printed containing many of the documents on the subject, Dr. HUNTER, Mr. GRANT DUFF, and Sir EVELYN BARING will not find their contributions to its discussion. There are persons who have followed the matter from its origin, and who would be content to stake their case on the arguments for the other side as given by these distinguished persons. But in the long run the greatest importance is perhaps to be attached to such discussions as that at Edinburgh. The intelligence of the average elector works as a rule slowly; it is sometimes a pity that it does not work still slower. But the continued spectacle of an elaborate demonstration that two and two make four, followed by a neat resolution that two and two make five, can hardly fail of its effect. In this matter certain things are by this time unalterably established. It is certain that the personal grievance proposed to be remedied is infinitesimal. It is certain that no actual administrative inconvenience requiring remedy exists. It is certain that the European community is deeply moved by what it regards as a dangerous inroad on its privileges and its safety. It is certain that the native communities are as a whole indifferent, though the agencies of disturbance which exist among them have eagerly seized the opportunity for exciting hopes of the termination of English rule, and have already produced some effect. It is certain that the measure is not in any way necessitated by any pledge that may have been given, or necessarily consequent on any policy that may have been pursued. To take the other side, it is equally certain that the innocent delegate at Edinburgh hit upon the only justification of the RUPON-ILBERT scheme in asking whether Englishmen would like Hindoos to be set to judge over them. If the principle thus indicated is to be accepted, there is no more to be said. The only fault to be found with Lord RUPON and Mr. ILBERT is that, in that case, by their own confession they are both in totally false positions. They have no business in India at all; nor have English judges, English soldiers, English administrators, English taxgatherers, any business either. The delegate had the courage of his opinions, though it is quite conceivable that he had only very remotely the intelligence of them. It is rather to be regretted that some of those who would seem to sympathize with him have apparently neither the intelligence nor the courage of theirs.

#### AUSTRIA AND THE EAST.

THE difficulties which constantly beset Austria in the East seem for the moment to be lightened. The disturbances in Croatia are reported to be at an end, and the debate upon them in the Hungarian Lower House has ended with a victory for the Government. That part of the grievances of the insurgents which may be called sentimental—namely, the presence of Hungarian *insignia* among a Croatian population—has been already removed by the prudent concessions of the Government. In the smaller States, with whose future that of Austria is closely interwoven, there is a temporary cessation, not of the intrigues and propagandism by which Austria and Russia respectively strive to assert their influence, but of the public movements by which they manifest themselves. The Bulgarian crisis has ended in such a manner that, if the influence of Austria has not been strengthened, that of Russia has at all events received a check. In Servia, whatever the popular feeling may be, it has not proved strong enough to divert the Government from its policy of friendliness to Austria. And Roumania, as for several years past, still inclines to an Austrian rather than to a Russian alliance. In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is an interesting article which treats of the present state of political affairs in the South-East of Europe. The article is unsigned, but is evidently the work of a well-informed and thoughtful writer. Though he does not show himself

a strong partisan, it is evident, nevertheless, that he both hopes and believes that the Eastern question will be settled to the advantage of Russia rather than of Austria. It is one of the curious paradoxes of politics that the party in England which claims to be in an especial sense the champion of freedom shows this same preference for the despotic Empire. To those who regard the matter impartially, nothing can be more evident than that the interests of England, of Europe at large, and of the Balkan States themselves, would be alike promoted by the predominance of Austria rather than of Russia.

What the final settlement of the question will be, or is even likely to be, no prudent person will attempt to foretell. If Russia and Austria were left, or could be left, to settle it by themselves, it might be thought that the larger, more populous, and more homogeneous State would win the day. Even this, however, is a doubtful point; for it is possible that the homogeneity and the actual strength of Russia has been overrated, and it is certain that the toughness of Austria has been greatly underrated. The latter country is, indeed, a standing warning to those who adopt the *à priori* method of reasoning in politics. To say nothing of its history in past ages, it has in the present century (in which entirely new political forces have come into existence) passed through three great trials, any one of which would have destroyed the Empire for ever if it had been the mere agglomeration of discordant races which it is often represented to be. It was repeatedly and completely conquered by NAPOLEON I.; and it finally came out of the conflict with at least as much power and influence as it had possessed before. Within little more than a generation after the peace of 1815 a new enemy assailed it. In 1848 the most potent political force of modern times, the principle of nationality, broke out with a convulsive force in Europe and nowhere was the outbreak so violent as in the Austrian Empire. But the Empire was not broken up; and it came out of the wars and revolutions of two stormy years without the loss of a province, and with its predominance in the German Confederation fixed more firmly than before. Not to speak of the war of 1859, it was in 1866 attacked on two sides—by Prussia, in order to destroy this predominance, and to exclude Austria altogether from Germany, and by Italy, for the third time in twenty years, in the name of the principle of nationality. Defeated in this war, and driven out both from Germany and Italy, the Austrian Empire now finds itself no weaker in itself than at any former time, and is, in fact, on terms of friendship and alliance with the two enemies with which it was then at war.

The experience of the past would lead any impartial observer to look on Austria as the Power fitted, above all others, to fulfil the task which some country or other must undertake in the East. That task is to exercise some kind of protectorate over a number of States and races unable to unite and incapable of standing alone. The Eastern question differs in a most important respect from the two other questions, the German and the Italian, to which the wars and revolutions of Europe during the last thirty-five years have been due. Both in Germany and in Italy there not only existed a unity of language and race among the several members of the divided countries, but in both there was a vigorous State which could serve as a nucleus, round which the weaker States could group themselves. What Piedmont accomplished in 1859 and 1860 Prussia carried out in 1866 and 1870. In the Balkan Peninsula none of these conditions exist. There is no possibility that any one of the States and provinces of which it is made up should absorb the rest. They differ in language, race, and religion; they possess no cohesion among themselves, and as yet no strength sufficient to hold their own against a powerful aggressor; and they occupy a geographical position so desirable in political, military, and commercial respects, that they can never be safe from aggression. It is certain that, for the present at least, they must be, in all but their internal politics, dependent on some foreign Power or Powers; and the only question to be asked is—on which of them? The concert of the Great Powers, though it can keep the Eastern question in abeyance, can never solve it. The stakes are too enormous, and the interests involved are too much at variance, for an amicable agreement among those concerned to be possible. For practical purposes the control of the South-East of Europe lies between Russia and Austria, with such allies as they may respectively find.

It is only of late years that Austria has entered into any serious competitorship with Russia on this question. Till



the year 1866 the political interests and ambitions of Austria lay mainly in the West of Europe. It is difficult to realize that only a few years ago the House of Hapsburg controlled the policy of the States of which Germany and Italy were then made up, and that Russia was then an ally, and not a rival, in the East. Since Austria was freed from what were in fact artificial entanglements in Germany and Italy, it has been enabled to follow the line of policy which its position, its interests, and even its name indicate. Austria has now definitively become an Eastern Power, and its expansion can only lie towards the East. Neither territory, nor political predominance, nor commercial development can be won by it in any other quarter. It is not, as French writers are in the habit of asserting, and as seems to be believed by the writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, the astuteness of Prince Bismarck which has brought about this change in the direction of Austrian activity, but simply the force of circumstances. Austria has shown itself, despite all that has been said to the contrary, neither decadent nor stationary, but alive and progressive; and an expansion of its influence, no longer possible in the West, has now become both feasible and desirable in the East. It has often been said that Austria cannot become an Eastern Power; the answer is that it is rapidly becoming an Eastern Power. From the date of the deliverance of Vienna—the bicentenary of which was celebrated a short time ago in that city—the advance of Austria at the expense of Turkey has been steady; and now, for the first time in its history, the possibility of advance in any other line has been cut off. Both the necessity and the capacity of Austria thus point in the same direction. Alone among the countries of Europe, Austria has shown itself able to hold, for a long period of time, heterogeneous races in a political union which conquests and revolutions have not been able to dissolve. This is exactly one of the problems which now await solution in the Balkan Peninsula. The progress of Russia has been one of conquest and violent assimilation of the conquered peoples. It would be as much at variance with the traditional policy of Russia as it is in harmony with that of Austria to leave the States over which its influence extends an independent life of their own. Apart from the welfare of the Balkan States (which, important as it is, is not the only element in the question), there remains the still more important fact that the advance of Austrian influence in the East menaces no one of the Western Powers, and ourselves least of all; while exactly the contrary may be said of the progress of Russian conquest. No advance of Austria in this direction, to whatever extent it might be carried, would cause uneasiness to any of the Western Powers; while the possible alternative that Russia should become a Mediterranean Power, with Constantinople as the key of its position, would be a standing danger to the peace of Europe. Happily the Eastern question moves slowly, and the "Hands off!" cry has been rebuked by the steady course of events before it has had time to do all the harm that it seemed capable of producing. The spirit that inspired it will also die out. The idea that Austria is a despotic and retrograde Power, and that Russia is a strong and benignant missionary of freedom, has had its day, and public opinion can now form a saner estimate of the questions in which these two countries are most directly concerned.

#### THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

THE Social Science Congress at Huddersfield has borne itself gallantly under somewhat adverse circumstances. This little amateur Parliament, which meets for the discussion of things in general during the recess, has suffered from the behaviour of the real body which spends so much of its time earlier in the year in exactly the same way. As the genuine Parliament continued its sittings several weeks beyond the proper time, the imitation was compelled to meet very late. It is not very obvious why it should have found itself under this necessity. To an outsider there does not seem to be any reason why authorities on social science should be unable to meet and discuss and make speeches until a certain period after the prorogation. They must, however, be presumed to know their own business best, and the world will be perfectly ready to take them at their word and believe that they did not meet any sooner because they could not. The consequences of Parliamentary dilatori-

ness have been serious for the Congress. Members were frightened by the cold or occupied with their own business at the close of the holiday season, and the attendance was accordingly thin. It does not appear that the want of hearers had an instant effect in stopping the flow of words from the speakers. Everything under heaven was discussed, as usual; but even lecturers on social science cannot stand the prospect of holding forth to empty benches. Many discussions came to an untimely end, according to reports, because member after member slipped away as his spirits failed him in the general loneliness; and so nobody was left to go on discussing. The terrible prospect that this will be the end of the Congress itself, and that some year, when Parliament has sat till the beginning of October, nobody will turn up at the meeting, has nerved the Congress to take precautions. Next year it is to meet in Birmingham, about the middle of September. We do not know whether this is to depend on the date of prorogation or not. If it is, the opening day of the next Social Science Congress will be fixed by the business arrangements of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the amount of obstruction in which Messrs. O'BRIEN, BIGGAR, and HEALY feel called upon to indulge in for the good of Ireland.

The scarcity of hearers and the uncertainty of the future did not affect the number or quality of the speeches delivered, though it damped the discussions. As usual, speakers held forth on every conceivable subject. Whatever the sins of Parliament may be, and however severe the season, this will probably never cease to be the case. With a little practice, the members will get accustomed to the want of an audience, and will find the same pleasure as before in endless talk about miscellaneous matters. On the present occasion, they started in the most approved fashion by reviewing the British Empire in general and then examining it in detail. The nationalization of land, the origin and development of political economy, the transfer of estates, and the law of primogeniture, crime, education, and the milk supply, with a score of other subjects, were touched on in turn. It would need nearly as many columns as the reports of the Congress's debates filled to criticize one-half of its discussions. But, indeed, criticism is wholly superfluous. Whatever else may be said about the debates, there is one comment which may be made on them all. It is that we have heard all this before. The members of the Congress really seem to have set themselves the task of going over all the correspondences which have filled columns of the newspapers during the last twelve months, saying the very things we have heard already, and coming to no decision on the points at issue. The great question of milk occupied a good deal of the attention of the Congress. It was shown that when dairies are not kept properly clean, and when cows are not looked after as they should be, many evil consequences ensue. If the Congress had pointed out how precautions could be taken to tie up sellers so that they should not indulge in their natural tendency to adulterate, and how buyers could be saved from the consequences of their own carelessness, or be supplied with means of defending themselves when they wish to do so, there would be no reason to complain that it had gone too complacently over well-beaten ground. But in the matter of the milk supply, as in others, the Social Science Congress arrived at nothing more definite than a vague recommendation that somebody should take it in hand and see that it was put right. Another stale dispute of the times which was beaten out only for the twentieth time at Huddersfield was the controversy as to the healthiness or the reverse of the system of teaching followed in the Board schools. The acrimonious correspondence, which is scarcely over in the daily papers, was gone all through again with the usual unsatisfactory result. Members were found to assert that, to their certain knowledge, many children were overworked and worried into blindness, curvature of the spine, brain-fever, nervous irritability, imbecility, and an early grave. Other members were equally certain that these evils were either imaginary or due to causes which had nothing to do with the Board schools. The net result of the discussion was that nothing was proved, and that the Congress passed a resolution to the general effect that the Board schools would be better if their authors would take a little more trouble.

In the midst of so many generalities and so much repetition, one or two of the speakers distinguished themselves by making very sensible speeches on vexed questions of the day. As we have frequently had occasion to find fault with Mr. HOWARD VINCENT's views of police administration, we have particular pleasure in saying that he was perhaps the

most conspicuous of these happy exceptions. His speech to the Repression of Crime section of the Jurisprudence Department put the facts of the case as to the proper way of dealing with criminals very plainly and very forcibly. Mr. VINCENT could not wholly escape the influence of social science. He felt called upon to explain the existence of crime, and of course he looked for the explanation everywhere except in the simple facts that a great many men are born weak, and not a few are born wicked; but when he passed from trying to account for the origin of evil to showing how the actual criminal ought to be dealt with, he became eminently practical. The Director of Criminal Investigation, whom we should so much prefer to call the Chief of the Detective Police, has not been converted by the enemies of capital punishment. In fact, he bluntly attributes our comparative immunity from the more violent kinds of crime to the fact that we still do hang murderers. On the vexed question of the proper course to be followed with habitual criminals, Mr. VINCENT is scarcely less thoroughgoing than Sir JAMES STEPHEN, who has lately recommended capital punishment as the most effectual of all ways of getting rid of them. On the question whether the police ought to be supplied with revolvers, he spoke with some hesitation, partly due no doubt to the fact that the members of the force have a strong, and to outsiders not very intelligible, dislike to being armed. The advocates of a London Municipality may be recommended to study what Mr. VINCENT has to say as to the probable consequences of taking the control of the police out of the hands of the Home Secretary. Although the expression of the pious wishes of the Social Science Congress must by this time be beginning to fall rather flat on Ministerial ears, we hope that some attention will be paid to the opinions expressed in the Education Department. It is beginning to be obvious that, in order to raise the general artistic level of workmanship in this country, it is not enough to establish schools of design. The pupils must not only be shown what is beautiful in design on paper, but how to reproduce it with the very materials in which they are to work. The Congress suggests that workshops should be attached to the technical schools to give this kind of training, which can scarcely be given in any other way. No proposal which will entail fresh calls on the ratepayers is likely to be welcome; but, as we have already decided to spend liberally, if not lavishly, on education, it is as well to outlay the money to some practical purpose. Industry would probably be benefited if some of the existing drawing schools were turned into workshops under proper supervision.

#### VICHY IN OCTOBER.

THERE is something very attractive in a seaside town or a watering-place out of season. Fashion is not only a deformed thief; he deserves often to be writ down an ass as much as Dogberry himself. He moves people about in shoals, crowding them first in one spot and then in another. He brings them to a place a month too late, and takes them from it a month too early. In the early days of June how delightful are the English lakes, with the foliage at its freshest and the nights at their shortest. Yet the inns stand almost empty. On the Riviera, just when the year is coming to its best—*nunc frondent silvæ, nunc formosissimus annus*—every one leaves. If it is natural that those who have been kept prisoners there during the winter months should seize their first chance of escape, yet we might expect that their places would be filled up by fresh comers. But every one goes away, down to the very porters of the hotels and the drivers, and no one comes. There is no doubt something gloomy in the sight of the closed houses and the empty walks; but, on the other hand, in the absence of vulgar crowds and of noise there is a great charm. In the one or two hotels that keep open to the flight of the last visitors there is a great increase of comfort as the house empties. The service is no longer hurried, the cook can give his mind and his time to little dainties, the rooms cease to be thronged and close, and the garden becomes a pleasant solitude. It is in such a place as Vichy, however, that the charms which the close of the season brings are seen at their greatest. So fond are the French of town life that they must carry away with them into the country as much of it as they can. They are altogether at one with the poor Italian nobleman of Mr. Browning's poem, who sighs longingly as he exclaims:—

Oh a day in the city square, there's no such pleasure in life.

In the height of the season a man might as well look for quiet in the Palais Royal or in the gardens of the Tuileries as at Vichy. A patient might get cured there by the waters, but die of the din. To the foreign taste, no doubt, nothing can be more attractive than the great square. At one end is the Bath-room—the Etablissement-thermal, to use the more pompous French name—at the other end is the Casino. Along the

two sides the hotels are ranged. The space between is filled up with trees growing closely together. Here and there are stalls and cafés. With all the walks crowded, with all the benches full, with a band of music playing, with every one overdressed down even to the children who are just out of long clothes, with thousands to stare at and to stare, with four visits every day to the spring by way of business, and a dinner of seven courses in prospect as a recreation, life is thought to yield as much pleasure as is to be found on this side of the lotus-tree that stands in the seventh heaven. Did we not know how much our neighbours across the Channel delight in gazing on all the bustle of idle life, we might be astonished that none of the hotels are so placed as to command a view of the fine river that flows so close to the town, and of the mountains of Auvergne that rise in the distance. Some overlook the small, but pretty, park; but from not one can the open country be seen. To the other great attractions that the season brings with it at its height is the difficulty of finding rooms. The managers of our theatres understand human nature well when they attempt to draw people to their houses by assuring them that every night hundreds are turned away from the doors. Even if rooms are found, there is a difficulty about getting a bath. The latest comers must be ready to turn out and take theirs before five o'clock in the morning. Happily, the cook rises equally early, and a cup of coffee can be had.

Any one who likes a quiet life, and whose liver suffers him to bide his time, would do well should he put off his visit to Vichy till September has half run its course. If he does not go till October, he can ensure as near an approach to a wilderness as a country town can afford. It was our fortune to spend there most of the October of last year. Though the weather was bad, as indeed it was over a large part of Europe, yet the time passed not unpleasantly. There was a sense not only of quiet, but also of elbow-room that was agreeable enough. In the town all the hotels were at our choice. Had we desired it, we could have had one to ourselves. In the hotel all the rooms were at our choice. At the Etablissement-thermal, so far from its being needful to rise soon after four, we might have had a hundred baths, could we have managed to fill them, at the best hour of the day. In the square and in the park we had the pick of the benches. There was a civility and a readiness to please in our landlady that was very charming. It is true that she had a little misled us at first. We had written to order a southern room. She had replied that she could give us one that had "une exposition au midi. On ne pourrait pas avoir une meilleure exposition." It was evening when we arrived. The air of the room by no means felt as if it had been warmed by the rays of the sun. We became suspicious and looked at our pocket compass. It showed us that our windows faced due north. "For all I can see," said Johnson, "foreigners are fools." "For all we can see," we said to ourselves, "foreigners take us for fools." We remonstrated indignantly. The good woman was surprised and even grieved; the reputation of her house, she felt, was at stake. The room might perhaps look northwards, but it was by far the best room in the house. If we were not satisfied, there would be no difficulty in making a change. The next day she showed us one on the other side of the hotel. As she opened the door and saw the sun streaming in, she triumphantly said, "Voici une chambre qui a une exposition au midi. On ne pourrait pas avoir une meilleure exposition." If she was weak in her cardinal points, she was strong in her kitchen. No sense of wrong could have outlived her first *omelette soufflée*; but when it was followed by a succession of dainties all of the same excellence, we were ready to forgive her, and almost to believe her even had she sworn that at her hotel in Vichy the sun always rose in the west and set in the east.

It was pleasant to have the long walk by the river-side and the park all to ourselves, or nearly so. When two strangers passed, each had the air of being Campbell's Last Man, and seemed amazed at the impertinence of the other in surviving the season. The few physicians who were left gave up the attempt to look professional. Ours we saw lolling on a bench under a tree before one o'clock, and gaily chatting as if he had never felt a pulse or looked at a tongue in his life. The shopkeepers sat outside their doors in friendly talk with their neighbours. Two of them, bare-headed, were playing at draughts in the street, having brought out a little table and chairs. They were not disturbed by the thoughts that made John Gilpin dismount. There was no chance of customers, and therefore no loss of pence to trouble them. In front of the chief bookseller's was a stall, on which some volumes were displayed. The shop-girl was seated behind it, reading a novel aloud to an elderly friend. At a respectful distance stood a poor woman, trying to catch as much of the story as she could. The servants of the different hotels as they met in the street would, in a loud voice, ask each other where they were going for the winter season. One would shout back, "I am off to Paris"; another, "I am off to Nice"; a third, "I have got a good place at Pau." One of the chambermaids at our hotel set off on her yearly pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Lourdes, if we remember rightly. She was proud of her piety, and of the length of her purse, which could afford such a journey. The stalls that stand in the Square and many of the shops were being closed. In front of each great packing-cases stood, that were as soon as full to be sent off to the Riviera or the Pyrenees. Before the great toy-shop, Le Paradis des Enfants Sages, was stretched a line, with clothes hung up on it to dry. The beating of carpets was one drawback to the enjoyment of the place. It was done along the public walks. The servants made merry over their work, and turned it half into



a holiday. "C'est tout un carnaval," we heard one of them say, after a frolic with which they had lightened the dullness of their task. "The English Restorative" was at length closed, and there were no more dinners to be had there. Even *la donneuse d'eau* at the Bath-room took leave of us and told us that henceforth we must pump for ourselves. Yet there was something left for observation and something for meditation. We studied in the Etablissement-Thermal the printed regulations, and we thought of De Tocqueville. Was this the result of the eloquent protests against excessive centralization so often made by that philosophical historian? Goats, fowls, and dogs could not be kept from running loose in the park till the Prefect of the department of the Allier had signed the regulation in his Prefecture at Moulins, and till the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce had approved it in Paris. Nay, even these two high officials had taken the trouble to sanction the number of towels and dressing-gowns (*peignoirs*) for the different classes of bathers. We were surprised to find that, without any appeal to Moulins or to Paris, we were allowed to fix the temperature of our bath. However, we had some guidance given us. From a great thermometer that was hung up in the corridor we learnt that the temperature of the *bains ordinaires* was 92°. The same authority fixed the heat of a greenhouse at 66°, and of "les chambres des malades" at 71°. May we never be nursed in a sick room in France! Grapes ripen at 82°, and the Seine is frozen over at 19°. No doubt all this has been settled by Government, though the police, it would seem, are instructed to enforce the regulations with a certain discretion.

It was pleasant to notice in the streets the care with which the little children were taken to and from school. They marched in bands each accompanied by one or two teachers. On the way to school the band was constantly swelling, just as on the return it was no less constantly melting away. The elder children went alone, often munching as they walked the last part of their breakfast or dinner. The mouths of English children would have watered had they seen the large bunches of grapes or the fine pears which these sturdy little Frenchmen were eating. Of a sudden the school-bell was heard; the cry was raised "L'on sonne," and all the little legs broke into a run. Not the less did the little mouths go on working. One day as we were passing the school of the bigger boys we stopped at the gate to watch them as they marched. A mischievous urchin, who, like Leech's collier, seemed to think that a stranger was a fair mark, picked up a pebble and threw it at us. We went in to complain to the master. A dozen voices, in a tone of triumph, cried out, "C'est Moulins! c'est Moulins!" Master Mill only too clearly showed by his face that he was the guilty party. Not a voice raised the cry of "Trahison!" One Sunday morning we passed the church at the time of early mass. That the townspeople were given neither to thieving nor to mischief was clear to us. Standing in the porch with no one to watch them were no less than two-and-twenty milk-cans, two market baskets, and a black bag. The owners were inside at the service. We had hoped for some amusement from the fair that was held during our stay. There was however but little to see. The children scarcely played a part in it. For their amusement nothing was done. An old quack-doctor got a great crowd round him. He exhibited some marks on his neck, which were, he said, left by the rope at the time when he had been hanged. Whether his medicine was a sovereign cure against the gallows we could not well make out. However, he had been healing people ever since the days of Charles X. He had cured "tous les rois et Monsieur le Président de la République; tous les Présidents de Suisse et d'Amérique; tous les amiraux, tous les généraux, tous les colonels." His hat and clothes were all hung over with coins or medals which had been given him as so many testimonials by those whom he had thus saved.

Not the least among the advantages of a visit to Vichy out of season are the certainty and the cheapness with which carriages can be hired. In October drivers find it as hard to pick up fares as the physicians do to pick up fees. There is a wonderful increase in their desire to please, and a charming readiness to go below the legal tariff, though it has no doubt been fixed by the Mayor and Town Council, countersigned by the Prefect at Moulins, and approved of by the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce at Paris. If the neighbourhood cannot boast of scenery that is wild, yet the country is very pleasant, while from the hills fine and varying views can be got of the mountain ranges of Forez and of Auvergne. In the first days of October, moreover, the vintage is going on. The sight surely of the peasants, from the oldest down to the youngest, gathering the clustering grapes, may more than make up for the absence of the showy idlers who had so lately thronged the bath-room, the square, and the park.

#### LEO XIII. AND IRELAND.

A PAMPHLET has just appeared at Rome under the title of *Léon XIII, l'Irlande et l'Angleterre*, which is in fact a translation from the Italian of Count Soderini, designed no doubt as an appeal to the general opinion of Europe, and the publication is both a timely and an important one. It contains indeed little which is actually new, or which has not often been said before in substance as well in our own columns as by the great majority of reasonable Englishmen of all parties who have spoken at all on the subject. Nor is there much room for novel treatment of a theme which has been so well threshed out already. The

significance of the pamphlet lies not so much in what is said as in who says it; and from this point of view the fact just mentioned, that it virtually repeats and endorses the deliberate convictions of all sensible and right-thinking Englishmen, does not diminish but constitutes its special interest. Count Soderini, the writer, is a member of the Pope's Guardia Nobile, and it may be assumed that the pamphlet gives us on the highest authority an officious or informal comment on the recent pontifical letters to Cardinal McCabe, with which our readers are familiar, and one which entirely confirms the interpretation we have ourselves all along put upon them. It indicates that Leo XIII. considers it an imperative obligation of his sacred office to throw the whole weight of his authority into the scale of order, while he sternly discountenances all criminal or mutinous projects in Ireland, whether sheltered under the specious plea of zeal for Catholic interests or not. There was never to be sure any real excuse for doubting this, and the language of the official documents here again cited and enlarged upon is sufficiently explicit. But still it has been questioned by those who did not choose to understand it, and Count Soderini's running commentary is valuable, if only because it cuts off all further pretext for evasion. A brief analysis of the contents of the pamphlet, which for reasons already indicated stands in no need of detailed criticism, will best bring out its peculiar purpose and importance. That it travels in the main over familiar ground, as was under the circumstances inevitable, is not only true, but is precisely what recommends it to our attention, when we recollect in whose name the author is speaking. He is careful to emphasize this point at starting by a reference to the Pope's letters on Ireland and the manner in which they were received by men like Mr. Biggar, Mr. Mayne, and Mr. Finerty, as "an intolerable act of pontifical encroachment" on the part of "the chief of the Catholic Church," who must be reminded that not he but Mr. Parnell is "the chief of the Political Church."

After thus defining his point of departure, the writer proceeds to give a prefatory historical sketch of the condition of Ireland since the beginning of the present century in regard to the three questions at issue, that of legislative autonomy, of religious liberty, and the agrarian question, or, as he elsewhere phrases it, the political, the religious, and the social question. He points out that from the first there have been two rival parties in the field, the one simply contending for the political equality and religious liberty of Catholics, the other aiming at making Ireland into an independent Republic; with the first, which found a spokesman in Grattan, Rome is in sympathy; with the second, represented originally by the "United Irishmen" under the leadership of men like Wolfe Tone, Emmet, and MacNevin, she has no sympathy. He then passes on to notice the Union of 1801, the Repeal Agitation which followed, the insurrectionary and murderous action of the United Irishmen and Whiteboys, and its forcible suppression. O'Connell is commended for discouraging all violent measures, while he succeeded by peaceful agitation in procuring for his countrymen the great benefit of Catholic Emancipation. The abortive and mischievous revolt of Meagher and Smith O'Brien is glanced at, as is also the organization in 1866 of Fenianism, which is sharply denounced as a revolutionary irreligious and secret propaganda always opposed by the Catholic clergy. The writer goes on to praise Mr. Gladstone for doing justice to Ireland in the Disestablishment of the Church and the Land Act. He gives no praise to the Home Rule party, or the Land League, "the political and social agitators united by the adhesion of Mr. Parnell," and insists that Mr. Parnell "is entirely responsible for Boycottism," and that the Land League is charged with subsidizing the Irish Invincibles, an "Association established in November 1881, whose object is the murder of its adversaries." He also considers Mr. Parnell partly responsible for the Phoenix Park assassinations; "he protested his irresponsibility for this atrocious act, and we are bound to believe his sincerity; but is not a grave responsibility incurred by violently exciting men's minds without taking any care to hinder them from slipping down to the bottom of the abyss?" The policy of Obstruction, and the No Rent agitation, was a poor return for the large concessions which had been granted, but which failed to satisfy the restless importunity of the agitators:—

Mais, toutes ces concessions ont-elles apaisé les esprits en Irlande? Il faut bien avouer que la situation laisse encore aujourd'hui beaucoup à désirer. Certes, les crimes ne sont pas aussi nombreux, mais ils n'ont pas cessé; les haines, les colères ne paraissent pas disposées à désarmer; en un mot la tranquillité n'est rétablie qu'en apparence, et l'on a toujours réellement à craindre quelque éclat.

L'Irlande est devenue une sorte de volcan, qui peut rester, même plusieurs années, sans donner aucun signe de combustion, mais qui peut aussi faire une éruption soudaine plus violente, en brûlant et en détruisant tout sous ses laves embrasées. Dieu seul peut apaiser ce volcan, Dieu et les hommes de bonne volonté qu'il guide et inspire!

A long passage is quoted from a speech delivered by Macaulay in the House of Commons in 1844 on the misgovernment of Ireland from the reign of Henry II. to William IV., in order to illustrate the enormous change for the better since then, and to point the moral that, when the former oppressors are impartially recognizing the duty of amendment and restitution, it is not the time for the oppressed to have recourse to violent and illegal resistance; still less does revolutionary action based on the principles of '89 become a Catholic nation:—

Or, il nous semble qu'en ce point quelques uns du moins des Irlandais ont péché et beaucoup. Il faut bien tenir compte des passions humaines et se souvenir qu'il s'agit d'injustices séculaires; mais un peuple comme le peuple irlandais, c'est-à-dire éminemment catholique, ne peut ni ne doit

oublier que les martyrs n'ont jamais pris les armes et que, cependant, ce sont eux qui ont fini par triompher des tyrans, qui pénétrèrent dans la demeure du souverain, qui dictèrent la loi à leur ancien vainqueur et qui obtinrent le respect de leur croyance, avec la reconnaissance de leurs droits foulés aux pieds. Pourquoi une partie des Irlandais a-t-elle oublié cela ? Pourquoi, malheureusement, ce qu'il y a de subversif dans les principes révolutionnaires, dans les principes de 1789, en particulier, s'est-il infiltré parmi eux. Il suffit de rappeler, à ce propos, un autre point de l'histoire : chaque mouvement révolutionnaire en France a eu son contre-coup en Irlande ; on a toujours espéré en cette nation, on lui a souvent demandé un secours, et, presque insensiblement, on a épousé ses principes, sans les examiner, sans séparer le bien du mal.

And a policy wholly indefensible in theory, but which unfortunately is still widely pursued, can so little be justified by success that it has invariably resulted in an aggravation of the evils it is designed to remedy, and on this ground alone deserves the condemnation of every true friend of Ireland.

After this historical review the author returns to the existing situation, and recalls Mr. Finerty's complaint that the Pope is meddling improperly in politics and Mr. Mayne's distinction between the headship of the Catholic and of "the Political Church," as though "one who takes his theology from Rome could have any other policy than that of order, legality, and peace." It was on behalf of these high interests, not for any narrow and selfish ends, that Leo XIII. felt himself bound in duty to interpose. There may be a small minority who choose to imagine that the Pope is sacrificing the cause of Ireland to English interests, but "why should he care to make himself the liegman of England exclusively ?" Considering that there are some ten millions of Roman Catholics spread over 133 dioceses in the British Empire, it is indeed only natural and fitting that he should desire to maintain friendly relations with the Government which protects them in their just rights ; but he has given abundant proof of his solicitude for the welfare of his spiritual subjects in Ireland, with one necessary reservation however. To cite the words of his letter of January 1881 to the Archbishop of Dublin :—"We desire all good for the Irish, but we must add that disturbance of order is not permissible. Ireland will far more easily and more surely obtain what she desires by acting with moderation and strictly within the limits of the law, and avoiding all causes of offence." And if it be asked why the Parnell Testimonial Fund should be specially condemned, the answer is that Mr. Parnell, unlike O'Connell, has not seen fit to oppose and condemn all criminal courses, but on the contrary has gone out of his way to seek the aid of M. Rochefort and the French Communists. Moreover the language of the Testimonial Fund circular is itself directly calculated to excite popular passions, while it insults those members of the episcopate who feel bound in conscience to hold aloof, nor does it contain one word of reprobation for the assassinations and other crimes recently perpetrated. Nor is this all—

La nouvelle ligue irlandaise, qui embrasse actuellement même les concessions d'Amérique, toutes sous la protection de Parnell, compte parmi ses principaux adeptes plusieurs membres de diverses sociétés secrètes, tels que les fenians, les républicains de la fraternité irlandaise, les dynamitards, etc. Eh bien, ce sont ces gens-là qui ont crié contre la lettre de la Propagande. A la convention de Philadelphie on remarqua Wall et Sueridan, accusés de complicité dans l'assassinat de Phoenix-Park, et tous deux ont protesté contre les maximes que renfermait cette lettre. La même conduite a été tenue par M. Sullivan, qui, d'après le *Tribun de Philadelphie*, a dit que "le parti de la dynamite ne peut être abattu que par la cessation des actes irréguliers des Anglais en Irlande ; ... et que, par conséquent les Irlandais doivent s'engager dans une révolution contre l'Angleterre." M. Sullivan aurait également ajouté que, "tant qu'un succès opportun n'arrive pas, un attentat contre la révolution serait immoral et criminel, parce que la sainteté de la cause justifie la révolte."

Après de pareilles déclarations, est-il, nous ne dirons pas possible, mais seulement imaginable que Léon XIII se taise, qu'il laisse faire et qu'il permette au clergé de combattre sous les ordres de celui qui a, parmi ses troupes, de tels combattants ?

And in taking this line Leo XIII. is only treading in the footsteps of his predecessors and of the Irish hierarchy of a former day, as may be seen by referring to the letters of Gregory XVI. some forty years ago to Dr. Croly, then Primate of Ireland, and the pastorals of Cardinal Cullen at a later date.

Lastly comes the question of Mr. Errington's mission, and the allegation that he has imposed on the too facile credulity and ignorance of the Pope by an entirely false picture of the condition of Ireland. It is obvious to reply that Mr. Errington himself is an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, and that the Pope is not so destitute of means of information but that he would have arrived at just the same conclusions if Mr. Errington had never gone to Rome. Into the question of his "officious" character and of the fact or expediency of re-establishing diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican, Count Soderini declines to enter, as beyond the scope of his essay, but he thinks it worth noting that "Germany—par excellence a Protestant Power, and governed by men who certainly do not run after chimerical ideals"—has felt it her duty to restore its official intercourse with the Papal Court after an interruption of twelve years. Meanwhile Leo XIII. cannot ignore the altered tone of the British Government and the large concessions already made to Irish requirements ; "he has seen Mr. Gladstone resume and improve upon the work of Peel, of Pitt, and of Grey, and thus greatly modify the situation. He has seen complete religious equality accorded to Catholics," and very important benefits conferred on the people by the Land Act, while there is a disposition shown at headquarters to further legislation in favour of Ireland both in these and other respects. The line of conduct recommended and enforced by the Pope when he steadily condemns all revolutionary or criminal attempts is therefore proved to be no less clearly dictated by a wise regard for the best interests of Ireland

than by the obligations of Christian duty. The matter is thus summed up in the concluding section of the pamphlet :—

Nous avons vu que les questions qui ont agité et qui agitent encore ce noble pays sont au nombre de trois : la question politique, la question religieuse et la question sociale. Nous avons constaté que dans chacune d'elles, c'est l'Angleterre qui a le péché d'origine, et que, pour les résoudre, deux tendances se sont fait jour, dès le premier instant : une tendance légale, recherchant la voie de la justice et de la légalité ; une tendance illégale, désireuse d'employer les moyens injustes et violents ; et que ces deux tendances, à l'action pratique, ont donné des résultats absolument opposés, savoir celle de l'ordre des résultats très favorables à la cause irlandaise, tandis que celle du désordre a empiré la situation du pays.

Nous avons montré, qu'en présence de ces résultats, le Pape comme homme politique, ne pouvait rester dans l'hésitation, mais qu'il devait patronner le système le plus avantageux à l'Irlande, et que, considéré comme Pape, c'est-à-dire comme père commun des fidèles, il ne saurait permettre à ses enfants de souiller une cause juste par des moyens honteux ; mais qu'il doit, au contraire, les avertir avec amour, leur résister, s'il le faut, et les empêcher de courir à une ruine irréparable. Nous avons prouvé aussi que les hommes actuellement au pouvoir en Angleterre sont favorables à l'Irlande et que cela mérite d'être tenu en ligne de compte par Léon XIII, qui n'ignore pas le véritable état d'Irlande, qui ne saurait, conséquemment, être trompé par personne, et que c'est bien à tort, du reste, qu'on croit qu'il y a des gens cherchant à le tromper, tandis que sa conduite, d'ailleurs, ne diffère point de celle de ses prédécesseurs et qu'elle est imitée docilement par l'épiscopat et par le clergé irlandais, lesquels savent très bien que Léon XIII a grandement à cœur les intérêts de l'Irlande, intérêts qu'il favorise et qu'il protège dans la mesure et selon les moyens en son pouvoir.

Our object, as we stated at the beginning, has been rather to analyse than to criticize. It is not necessary to agree with every word of Count Soderini's disquisition in order to appreciate its true value and significance. One passage, for instance, about "the privilege of autonomous government for Ireland," reads almost as if the author was in favour of Home Rule, though we are by no means sure that his words are intended to bear that sense, and he is careful to insert the proviso, "so far as it does not directly affect the integrity of the State." The main point however is that he insists throughout, as the spokesman of Leo XIII., that the true policy of Irish patriots, on grounds alike of duty and of expediency, must be found in a course the very opposite of that advocated by Mr. Parnell and the Land League, in strict obedience to law, in scrupulous abstinence from all criminal acts or revolutionary violence, and in seeking the reform of abuses by peaceful means only, and in a spirit of confidence, not of antagonism, towards the British Government, which has shown every disposition to meet their just demands. These are, in the concluding words of the writer, "the salutary counsels and sage determinations which come from Rome" to the Irish people. We agree with him in hoping they will profit by the advice given them on such high authority.

#### "THE DIRTY OLD BLACKGUARD."

"THE dirty old blackguard" is the pretty popular name which a critic in *Punch* has conferred on Master François Rabelais, docteur en médecine. This is the latest of the many surprising literary and artistic criticisms which have been appearing in a journal for which Thackeray at one time wrote. These remarks on books, and plays, and men are distinguished by a kind of jolly ribald tastelessness, and unaffected unconscious ignorance, which are peculiar and in their way worthy of a comic paper. According to Artemus Ward, "a comic paper ought to print a goak now and then." The "goaks" printed by a joker who is, apparently, jealous of the popularity of Shakespeare as a playwright, are not always diverting.

After having dismissed Shakespeare as an unskilled though unluckily popular dramatist, the critic of *Punch* turns the light of the sacred bull's-eye of burlesque on Rabelais. Mr. Henry Morley has lately published (Routledge) a *Life of Gargantua*, on which he has plied the not unnecessary scissors. A cheap popular Rabelais in English (the English is that of Sir Thomas Urquhart) must certainly be Bowdlerized with extreme severity. We doubt whether it was worth Mr. Henry Morley's while to draw scissors at all upon Rabelais and Urquhart. The great feats of Gargantua, the perplexities of Panurge, the voyages of Pantagruel have become by the lapse of time matter for instructed readers only. Rabelais boasts how his printers sold more copies of one of his pamphlets in two months than of Bibles in nine years. But his writings could only be truly popular among his own people and his own contemporaries, who were actually living at "the centre of the situation." But the four hundred years that have gone by since he wrote make Rabelais as good as unintelligible to people who do not know a little about the circumstances of the writer and the time, in fact to uninstructed people. This is as much as to say that Rabelais is unintelligible to the literary and dramatic critic of *Punch*. It is thus that this wonderful critic delivers himself on the Curé of Meudon :—"Professor Morley flatters himself on having so dealt with the dirty old blackguard that, 'having wiped his shoes at the door,' he can enter 'to us all and speak in his own person.' No, thank you! Not at home to the Rev. Mr. Rabelais. . . . 'Wiped his shoes,' indeed! Yes, Canon Rabelais" (why not Curé?) "may have wiped them dry, too; but, as he has been up to his eyes in filth, merely 'wiping his shoes' won't do." And then the critic proposes that Rabelais should be kept, for the use of "professional litterateurs and students," in a place "isolated from civilization." Certainly he should be kept out of the reach of professional punsters and ignoramuses. If Rabelais had employed a chaste leisure in turning the noblest



poetry of the world into patter-songs, if he had spent his time in grinding the literary barrel-organ to which ballet-girls dance before an audience of "mashers" and "chappies," we presume that he would have been a highly respectable *littérateur*. But, as he did take his life in his hand daily, by attacking monkish ignorance and cruelty, and as he hid his purpose, like the cuttle-fish, in a sufficiently nauseous cloud, he is styled a "dirty old blackguard." The fate of Rabelais's friends, of the greatest scholars, wits, and poets, was a warning which he could hardly neglect. "Three, at least, of the social circle of Lyons were dead," Mr. Besant writes; "Dolet strangled and burned; Desperiers, a suicide; Marot, a half-starved wanderer in Piedmont." None of those writers had been fortunate enough to conciliate the clergy. Rabelais obviously did manage to conciliate them, probably by the exuberant filth in which he wrapped up his attacks on the monks. Mr. Henry Morley quotes the following account of the punishment of heretics in Rabelais's day; and Rabelais was almost openly a heretic. "They were bound to a huge wheel which, being made to revolve, dipped them into the fire placed at its foot, and again carried them into the air, and afterwards, as they descended, they were again scorched, until at last, the links being divided, they tumbled headlong into the burning torture and were consumed by the flames."

Now was *Punch*'s "dirty old blackguard" a cruel man? and did he approve of those ingenious devices of Christian apologists in 1535? If he did, we may well say "not at home to the Rev. Mr. Rabelais," however neatly cleaned his shoes may be. On the contrary, Rabelais detested the monks as "disturbers of all civil conversation." "They do not work as the peasant and artificer do; do not defend the country as the soldier does; cure not the sick and diseased, as the physician doth, do neither teach nor preach, as do the Evangelical doctors and schoolmasters." . . . "Yea, but they pray to God for us," said Gargantua. But Father John replies that their prayers, "said without thinking upon, I truly call mocking of God; but all true Christians, of all estates and conditions, in all places and all times, send up their prayers, and the Mediator prayeth and intercedeth for them, and God is gracious to them." This is not the temper of a man who would burn heretics alive on a wheel. Of the doers of such deeds Gargantua says, "I cannot well determine whether I should most abhor, detest, loathe, and abominate the tyrannical presumption of these dreaded sacerdotal mole-catchers," or the stupidity of the people who submit to them.

If ever there was a man truly humane, truly reverent of what is noblest in human life, and highest in human achievement, if ever there was a kindly man, a gentle man, a man penetrated with an awful sense of the pity and mystery of the Divine story, that man was Rabelais, "the dirty old blackguard." Open him where you will, and you find him anxious to free the lives of men, and even of children, from the besotted cruelties of his contemporaries. When Pantagruel went ashore in the isle of Papimany, he met the schoolmaster of that place, and the children whom he was wont to flog. Schoolmasters flogged terribly in that age. Lady Jane Grey got "pinches, bobs, and nips" from her parents, Ascham tells us. Agrippa d'Aubigné, in childhood, was flogged till he believed that his mother's ghost appeared to him to comfort the poor smarting little boy, in the nighttime, when he wakened, and thought of the dictionary, and the pedant, and the rod. Dean Colet was all for whipping the boys of St. Paul's; it was a generation of flogging men and weeping children. What does the "dirty old blackguard" say to all this: "Then came the schoolmaster of the place, with all his ushers, and schoolboys, whom he magisterially flogged. . . . This displeased Pantagruel, who said to them, 'Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor children, I am gone; whereat the people were amazed.' The whole education of Gargantua, not the old monkish education, but the new, 'develops him,' as Mr. Henry Morley says with truth, 'into a king in whose eyes low cunning in statecraft, and all greed in war, and all false estimates of human glory, are so much evidence of human barbarism.' It was Rabelais's misfortune that, when he looked round on the world, and its darkness and cruelty and slavery, he saw hope only in two directions. He expected much from knowledge and learning, a hope not wholly disappointed. And he expected perhaps even more from kings, from 'the noble tyrant' of Plato's vision, because kings at least went in less dread than meaner men of the monks. But the reforming kings, the 'noble tyrants,' were never developed into the genial and compassionate humanity of Gargantua.

The "dirty old blackguard's" scheme of education is one of the most universally known of his productions. The learning of the monks turned out to be "brutishness, and their wisdom but blunt foppish toys." Ponocrates, the tutor after Rabelais's own heart, so taught Gargantua that he "lost not one hour of the day." First, whilst they were rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of Holy Scripture; according to the purpose of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications. Reading and lectures in all the ancient tongues occupied the morning, and in the meadows they played at "long-tennis," which must have been more like *pallone* than the lawn-tennis of to-day. After dinner "they recreated themselves with singing musically." Of course they did not sing such exquisite lyrics as may be sometimes found in *Punch*. Rabelais was only a "dirty old blackguard," and lived in a very backward age. But they "learned to play on the lute, the virginals, the violin, and the sackbut," after which they exercised themselves in riding and

tilting, swimming or rowing, while in wet weather they studied painting and sculpture. When the day was done, "then prayed they unto the Creator in falling down before him, and strengthening their faith towards him, and glorifying him for his boundless bounty." Rabelais's heart was in such things as these; these, he declares, you will find within his book, of which the outer case merely is a rude brutal grotesque, like the ancient figures of Silenus. "Mais ouvrant ceste boiste, eussiez au dedans trouvé un celeste et impreciable drogoue, entendement plus qu'humain, vertu merveilleuse, courage invincible, sobresse nomporeille, desprisement incroyable de tout ce pourquoy les humains tant veillent, courent, travaillent, navigent, et bataillent"—"the contempt of wealth and death."

How did the "dirty old blackguard" conceive of love, and of the lifelong union of man and woman? Why thus (observe his unredeemed grossness, for this is his ideal):—"When the time came that any man of the abbey of Thélème had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies—namely her whom he had before chosen to serve, and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Thélème lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigour and fervency than on the day of their wedding." Fie, the old blackguard!

Before leaving the "old blackguard" let this be said for him, he was reverent in his admiration of learning and letters, art and poetry. He delighted in "fair great libraries"; he revelled in the new knowledge of his time; he worshipped the Muses, so fair, busy, and pure, that Cupid (he says) never threw his dart at these immortal ladies. How far is the temper of the "dirty old blackguard," from that of such refined genius as finds Shakespeare unworthy of a nineteenth-century audience! The outside of the Rabelaisian cup and platter can hardly be made clean, but the spirit he is of, at least, is a spirit noble, manly, and absolutely human. But the critic of *Punch* holds that, after thorough Bowdlerizing, "nothing of the real Rabelais could have been left, and, to our thinking, so much the better." *O pectora ceca!*

#### EPIDEMICS.

MANY years ago, when Dr. Haasall's revelations as to the adulteration of food horrified everybody, a "facetious contemporary," as it was called in the language of the day, pictured an old lady offering a beggar a loaf. "Do you wish to poison a poor cove?" is the indignant rejoinder. Had John Leech survived the Kensington organ-grinders long enough, he might have similarly sketched the defeat of the apostles of temperance. Here is a terrible fact for their digestion. It is taken from the report of the Officer of Health in St. Pancras. In a house of business there were seventeen people. Seven of these people drank beer, and ten drank milk. The moral is pointed very unpleasantly for disciples of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Of the ten milk-drinkers seven took fever; of the seven beer-drinkers none. During the cholera epidemic of 1849 it was remarked that people who drank water, especially the water of certain wells, took the disease, and the most the preachers of temperance could plead was that when a drunkard was attacked—which happened rarely—he always succumbed. The consideration of a few such facts as these brings the question of purity in water into greater and greater prominence every day. An attempt has lately been made to show that the cessation of the Great Plague was the result, not so much of the Great Fire, as of the introduction of New River water. But at the present day a majority of us drink, in the suburbs, water drawn, as the water of 1665 in the City was drawn, directly from the Thames; and it may come to pass—except in view of another and happier contingency—that nothing less than an outburst of disease will occur, comparable to the Great Plague as 4,000,000 inhabitants are comparable to 600,000. The contingency we have hinted at is the discovery, the probable discovery we may perhaps hope, of some antidote to the poison of fever to which vaccination may appear as clumsy as inoculation appeared to vaccination. Of one thing we may be certain. When this great discovery is made, it will be opposed by a faithful band of spinsters, led on by whichever of the unsuccessful followers of Mr. Gladstone at that date most nearly resembles Mr. Stansfeld.

There is among all, or almost all, the Continental authorities of the day an evident disinclination to accept the now universal English theory of contamination. Paris is a den of typhoid fever; and the French are naturally, notwithstanding the brilliant discoveries of M. Pasteur, the most averse to acknowledging the validity of the English view. Italy is unwholesome nearly everywhere. It is a well-known fact that, at the very time the Italian authorities were making the most fuss about quarantine, the surgeons of passenger ships calling at Naples issued circulars to the passengers, warning them against drinking water or eating ices ashore. The Neapolitans have for years had a cheap and feasible scheme before them for bringing good water into their city; but partly because the proposition emanates from an English Company, partly because it is the visitors rather than the natives who die of fever, nothing has been done, or is likely to be done, especially while the ignorant quacks who pass for physicians in Italy continue to hold their present views on the subject of epidemics and endemics. The French authorities, who might have been expected to know better, have done even worse than the

Italian in their management of the water supply at Ismailia, on the Suez Canal. Had M. de Lesseps purposely gone about to revenge himself on the English for seizing his Canal, he could not have succeeded better; and it is now ascertained as a fact that his "sweet water" killed more English soldiers than all the bullets of Arabi. The most extraordinary part of the business is that no orders were ever issued to the soldiers to refrain from the water except boiled, and none of the patent filters and small Artesian taps found so useful in Abyssinia seem to have been issued or used. The medical and sanitary management of the brief—but in this respect disastrous—campaign has yet to be accounted for.

Two correspondents of the *Times* during the past week have called attention to another branch of the subject. They complain of the filthy water given to cattle. A more just cause of complaint was never mentioned. Mr. Jabez Hogg in particular observes upon the almost universal neglect of the commonest sanitary precautions in supplying the troughs and ponds at which perhaps even milch-cows are permitted to drink. "In almost every case," he says, "the pond which received the drainage of the farm or district was the only or principal source of drinking water." What the Neapolitans do for us, in short, we do for our cattle, and then proceed to wonder at the constant outbreaks of cattle disease, and the rapidity with which they spread. While we make such use of cattle, while we eat their flesh and drink their milk, we are subject to the same evil influences under which they suffer; and, except to a Frenchman or an Italian, it would be ridiculous to assert that what is bad for them is bad for us, that if we would be healthy they must be clean, and that the relations of cause and effect between foul farmyards and suburban disease are not so remote as we have been accustomed to suppose. Mr. Hogg gives some particulars, for which we may refer to his letter, regarding bacteria in the milk of a poor fever-stricken mother on one of the farms he visited; and goes so far, in conjunction with another writer, Mr. Bowles, as to assert that bad water is a fruitful cause of cattle disease, and that neither good butter nor good cheese can be made from sewage-contaminated milk.

While the Egyptian Government protests against a French theory that cholera is endemic among the Egyptians, a report has gone the round of the papers as to our own condition which cannot but alarm every Londoner and many besides. If there is one part of the London suburbs which ought to be more healthy than another, it is the parish of St. Pancras. It stands high. It is well drained. It is, in part at least, supplied with the best water that comes to London—which, by the way, is not saying much. Yet this favoured region has been visited by an epidemic, in proportion to the size of the area over which it spread, as alarming as cholera. It may even be doubted whether cholera itself, in its suddenness and its shortness, is not preferable to the prolonged miseries endured by those who die of typhoid fever. And, of those who recover, too many a one bears about in his body to his last hour the marks of the fearful conflict he has gone through. He feels himself unduly favoured if he be not blind, or deaf, or bald, or grey, or lame for the rest of his life. In St. Pancras during the past few months this horrible malady has been raging. Four hundred and thirty people have been attacked, according to Mr. Shirley Murphy's report. There have been 62 immediate deaths; how much lifelong injury we shall never know. This is but part of the unpleasant story. Mr. Murphy has been at the pains of tracing, step by step, the whole course of the outbreak. He found, to begin with, that 220 persons among those attacked were in the habit of obtaining their milk from a certain shop; and that the remainder either had their milk from a customer of the same vendor, or, where it could not be accurately traced, as in 63 cases, might possibly have dealt, at least occasionally, with the same tradesmen. Mr. Murphy followed this clue to a farm at St. Albans. He had satisfied himself that the milk vendors did not suffer from the fever until after some of their clients, so that the poison did not originate in the shop. At the farm, however, he discovered a state of things very similar to that described by Mr. Hogg, and we are brought again face to face with the question of water for cattle as well as for ourselves. Mr. Murphy, indeed, recommends us to boil our milk. If we are afraid of an easily-prevented disease, we must do so; but boiled milk is not fresh milk, and many infants and invalids cannot take it. At the farm a cesspool was in communication, so to speak, with a well, the medium being a sycamore-tree, whose roots "grasped" both. Such is the latest result of sanitary science. We know what is wrong, but we do not yet seem able to prevent its occurrence. Nor is it easy to suggest a remedy. An action would hardly lie against the farmer at St. Albans any more than against the vendor at St. Pancras, and would, moreover, be but a poor remedy. But we have another example, and a clear and therefore valuable example, of the nature and course of contagion of this kind; and we may hope that future discoveries along the same line may put us in possession of the antidote.

#### ENGLISH WALKING TOURS.

NO Long Vacation passes without a chorus of exhortation being raised in divers leading articles to the effect that Englishmen should be patriotic for once, and, instead of taking their walks abroad, explore the neglected beauties of their own country. Likewise excellent reasons are always forthcoming why this year of all years is the proper one for an Englishman not to look

beyond the four seas. There is typhoid fever at Florence; there is quarantine in the Mediterranean ports; there are snowstorms in the Alps; there have been more luggage robberies than ever; railway and other officials continue, with the insolence characteristic of foreigners, to pay more attention to travellers who address them civilly in their own language than to those who scold at them in English; there is going to be a revolution in Paris; or, if none of these causes will serve, there is the comprehensive argument that there's no place like home. This last argument, indeed, proves too much, being equally good to dissuade the Londoner from stirring beyond the county of Middlesex; and the miseries of seaside lodgings and bad weather in the country have long furnished at this season a staple, though stale, head of jesting to the comic papers. Whether the exhortations above mentioned, though apparently serious, are to be more gravely taken than these rapid cates of cockney merriment, were perhaps worth considering. A solemn annual preaching of the beauties of England may be only part of the gross self-laudation which, alternated with about an equal part of no less gross self-abasement, makes up our ostensible estimate of ourselves—an estimate in which none of us really believe, and least of all the writers of leading articles.

We are the rather disposed to think there cannot be much heart of seriousness in the counsellors and article-writers who entreat us to stay in England, because so little is done, even by those who should be chiefly interested, to make it desirable for a rational man to take their advice. Especially it is deemed a goodly and pious work—or more exactly, such is the opinion professed by the inditers of this kind of morality—to make walking tours in England. Perfect virtue is attained, according to the same peculiar standard, only when the tour is a knapsack tour. There are fanatical pedestrians who will scarce admit a man to be a walker if he does not carry a knapsack; though for our part we are unable to perceive why a knapsack should savour of virtue, or of anything better than necessary evil. One would think, to hear these good people, that England was laid out with peculiar fitness for the walking tourist. They talk as if the elements and man would conspire to make him happy. Whereas, in truth and in fact—but we will be discreet and methodical. There be stored in the chambers of our brain memories of foul weather, tedious roads, and pretentious inns that are knocking to come out; we lay on them the command of patience and obedience to discipline. If the Clerk of the Weather cannot sue us for libel, the British landlord is protected by the laws of his country; yea, he is favoured, and the entrance of his hostelry flaunts his chartered immunities in our face.

The first advantage of a country for a walking tour is that it should be worth seeing; and in this we freely admit (as we should proclaim if there were any need to proclaim it) that England is in nowise lacking. However, it is nothing to dwell upon here, being rather the first condition of a walking tour being desired or undertaken. For, as to persons who walk merely because they must walk somewhere, and for want of invention to find themselves any other sort of exercise rather than from a true vocation for tramping, they do not come into our account. Such gross feeders of pedestrianism exist, gluttons of milestones and prodigals of shoe-leather. Let them go their ways; they will mend with age if there be anything to ripen in them; otherwise there is nothing for them, when their legs give out, but to become even as the bald-headed man on the top of the omnibus who typifies the average intelligence of the English people. Assuming, then, that the region in hand offers something to walk for, other conveniences may be roughly distributed under the heads of climate, entertainment, and facilities of communication. It may seem a platitude to say that fine weather is desirable for a walking tour; and yet there be many who set out on that errand without reasonable cause to expect anything of the sort. One might even say this of the greater number of English pedestrians. For their most frequented haunts are in the parts towards our Atlantic seaboard; the hill country of the Lakes in the North, the hill country of Wales in the middle, and the cliffs and moors of Devon and Cornwall in the South. Now these parts are just where the caprice of the English climate is most capricious, and it is hardest to foretell, with all possible aids of barometer and local weather-wisdom, what the morrow or the afternoon will bring forth. We do not deny charms of its own to this variability; there is not much English scenery which is the better for settled fine weather, and there is much, especially on the coasts, which almost requires broken weather to show it at its best. Many things should, if possible, be caught in the nick of time after a storm. But we have to think not simply of that which is beheld, but of the condition of the spectator.

Obviously the risk of getting wet is a material item in the walking tourist's calculation. Either he must carry with him preparations against it, or he must make up his mind to disregard it. In England the latter alternative is hardly practicable, and therein lies a flat disadvantage for our country. Doubtless weather can be capricious in the Alps, and Alpine rain can fall furiously. But in the Alps it is quickly wet and quickly dry; and, what is more, one is never the worse for the wetting. In that air you may sleep in a cave in wet clothes, and rise fresh and scot-free in the morning. And then everybody is accustomed to it. There is nothing odd in borrowing a suit of native homespun (a world too wide for English limbs), or at worst going to bed while one's clothes are a-drying. At home it is not so; there is a worse enemy than rain to be fought, and an almost invincible one, damp. The



damp clings and steams long after the rain has ceased, and a choking weight hangs in the atmosphere long after the heavens are free of visible cloud and vapour. Therefore the tourist, unless he has an amulet against colds and rheumatics, is bound in prudence never to part from some reserve of spare garments; he dares not, as oftentimes he may in the Alps, cast off even his knapsack for a flying march. He must always be in heavy marching order; but this raises the whole question and grievance of knapsacks, which seems to belong to the head of communications.

As to the pedestrian's entertainment, we are not minded to write an essay on British inns, which, as the Philosopher saith, peradventure would demand a separate inquiry. But where in England shall we find the equivalent of a Swiss mountain inn, plain in its neatness, and innocent of false pretences? We have no middle term between the pothouse and the hotel; either the sum of our substance and resource is beer and bread and cheese, or we must needs have a table-d'hôte and a family saloon with a piano. Our own opinion is that before people set up a table-d'hôte they should learn to cook more or less, perhaps even to make a tolerable cup of coffee; but the majority of our countrymen seem to think otherwise. Of course the pedestrian is not the kind of customer the new hotel wants to attract; it will mostly be laid out for what is called "developing" a rising watering-place, and inducing families to spend their holiday there in state. You may cry out, worthy reader, that we exaggerate; do you not know the "Bald Badger" here, and the "Blue Snipe" there, and the "Plantagenet Arms" in such a village, excellent honest country inns that are neither pot-houses nor hotels? Like enough you do, and so do we, but not in the parts frequented for walking tours.

The fact is that the regions of England where, from the point of view of pleasure in the scenery, walking tours are profitable, have long since been discovered and worked out by all the sorts of men who live on travellers, innkeepers—we most humbly beg their pardon, hotel-keepers, or, indeed, hotel proprietors—among the number. Our grievance is that these people do not understand their business. All such matters are better ordered in Switzerland, in Germany, we believe in Italy also. The celebrities of English scenery have their full and regular season, a season much less affected by bad weather than is the case in the Alps, but it always appears to come on the natives as a surprise. At such a place as Tintagel the accommodation to be found is not half, either in quantity or quality, of what it would be in a Swiss or German village of like picturesque reputation. We happen to think the reputation over-pitched in this case; there is as good coast scenery, though less talked about, at many spots within fifty miles. As to the castle, it probably, whether it was King Arthur's or not, was the dwelling of some old West-Welsh thief, who stole as many pecks of his neighbours' barley-meal and other goods as he could for the making of bag-puddings and other purposes, and so far answered the description of good King Arthur as preserved in the nursery rhyme, which is as good an authority for that sort of history as another. But that is immaterial; those who have the ordering of places with a reputation should keep their resources up to the level of their reputation, deserved or not; and English people are curiously infelicitous in doing this. We could name a bay on the same side of England where the perversely vulgar ingenuity of the British builder has exhausted itself in defacing a naturally charming site with one of the ugliest, most unsavoury, and most ill-conditioned watering-places—but we have promised discretion. To combine all the nuisances of civilization with as few as possible of its conveniences is the birthright of Britons, and not to be bartered for foreign messes.

There remains the point of communications. In roads we are now almost as much behind the rest of Europe as in railways we are before them. We should like to hear what a Swiss or Italian surveyor would say to some of the main roads in Devonshire. Nor is this wholly indifferent to the walking tourist, for sometimes he must use high-roads, and a good road is better to walk on than a bad one. Then the postal system of almost every Continental country, which our Parcels Post is only beginning to imitate, enables the tourist to part from his encumbrances at will. In England the Parcels Post goes as yet just about half-way to helping a man with a knapsack, for the average weight of that detestable form of luggage, when packed, is hard on 14 lbs.—a very superfluous weight in our opinion. You may read in Mr. White's ingenious little handbook how it is made up of plasters and match-boxes and medicine-bottles and heaven knows what other oddments; for ourselves, we prefer the chances of many injuries and diseases. Mr. White, or some more daring follower, ought to invent the parcels-post knapsack—a pack of 6 lbs. 15 ozs. all told, which you might always send on by post, and need never carry; but perhaps there are people who like carrying their knapsacks. Let us see such a person who has attained the age of thirty, and we will show you one who is more or less than man. The Inferno of those who compile vapid and lying guide-books will be to walk perpetually with knapsacks, eating and drinking at the inns they have bemoaned.

We had not thought it possible to discover a new plague in bearing one's own pack; but we believe this one is not generally known. Take a brand-new knapsack and walk with it on a wet day. The straps, working with the motion of the body, will fall into a creaking rhythm, and this, as the silence of discontent falls on the party, will seem to take up the conversation in words of encouragement. Thus, if the next halting-place begins in defiance of the map to continue a monstrous way off, the knapsack may creak out, "Bain't no such place—oh no! Bain't no such place—

oh no!" Or, if the view of what ought to be a grand stretch of western coast is hopelessly obscured by rain and mist—"Nice Cornish weather, sir—nice Cornish weather, sir." A knapsack is an excellent thing—to send round by train. As to English walks in general, we say no word against them. If we put aside mountaineering on the grand scale, no land can show more enjoyable walks of all lengths, or a greater variety of them. But they are best enjoyed, to our mind, without the apparatus of a walking tour.

#### THE GERMAN COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

FEW things strike a German traveller who has enterprise enough to quit the beaten paths of tourists and to penetrate the rural districts of England as stranger than the position of a country clergyman. He finds it easy enough to understand that the churches of the capital, the Universities, and the large towns should be amply endowed, and that men of education should demand culture in their spiritual guides; but he cannot understand the expediency of entrusting agricultural labourers to the care of gentlemen; and so, if his stay among us is but short, he returns to his own country in a condition of mental perplexity which not unfrequently finds expression in satire. The English traveller in Thuringia and the adjacent parts of central Germany is likely to be at least equally puzzled. He discovers that the pastor whose ministrations he attends is accustomed to frequent the village inn, and often spends his Sunday afternoon in playing skittles with his parishioners. "What influence," he asks, with contempt rather than curiosity, "can such a man exercise?"

Yet it is certain that the Protestant clergy of Germany do exercise a considerable influence over their congregations; and, what is stranger, their position does not seem to have been seriously affected by the spread of scepticism. Men whose creed is entirely negative show a great respect for the clergyman's opinions in all matters unconnected with theology, and are as eager to welcome him into their houses as they are reluctant to listen to him in church. He is a part of the whole social life of the village, and not unfrequently determines its politics. He is consulted on points of the greatest delicacy, and any family festival from which he were absent would be lacking in the pompous dignity which is so dear to the peasant's heart. It is clear, therefore, that the consideration he enjoys is due neither to his eloquence nor to his earnestness. The women and children, it is true, generally go to church once or twice a month; but it is only at Christmas, Easter, Whit Sunday, and *Kirchweih* that the congregation is swelled by any large number of able-bodied men. On such occasions the religious service is part of the general holiday. The hearers know exactly what the subject of the sermon should be, and how it ought to be treated, and they would resent any deviation from the established usage, either in substance or manner, as an uncalled-for innovation. Their feelings would resemble those of the English farmer when strange vestments are introduced into his parish church or another cate substituted for plum-pudding on the 25th of December; but they would be differently expressed. The aggrieved parishioners would make no audible complaint; but they would nod to each other gloomily while leaving the sacred edifice, and while filling their pipes in the ale-house where they are accustomed to refresh themselves after the unwonted fatigue of their devotions; and the hams and poultry which were about to migrate to the parsonage would probably remain in their native larders.

To the respect which superior rank and wealth inspire the German country clergyman can make no claim. The value of his living is rarely enough to enable him to live upon the same footing as the peasants, or many of them, who form his flock; and, while their income is the interest on the capital which is invested in their land, he has to provide for the future of his family out of his stipend. He cannot, therefore, rival the expenditure on great occasions which is their favourite way of displaying their riches, and it would be thought unclerical if he endeavoured to do so. The clergyman's usual housekeeping should, the villager thinks, be liberal; but the christenings and marriages at the parsonage ought to be conducted with an absence of unnecessary expense which he himself is far from imitating. Indeed any show, either in dress or hospitality, provokes his censure instead of inspiring him with admiration. The poor regard it with envy, those who are better off with contempt.

By birth the clergyman belongs to the same class as his parishioners. His father was in all likelihood either a peasant or the occupant of a position similar to his own. His choice of a profession was probably determined by accident. His parents may have been ambitious to behold their son in a pulpit; he may in his boyhood have displayed what to the village schoolmaster seemed remarkable intelligence, or he may simply have followed the instinct which induces so many young men to adopt their father's calling. But, whatever may have been the grounds of his decision, it is pretty certain that he has been subjected to one distinct course of training. When a boy who is intended for the Church has learned all he can be taught at home he is taken to the nearest town in which there is a public school, and there boarded as cheaply as may be, probably with the widow of a clergyman. There is very little respect either for rank or wealth among German schoolboys; but it is natural that those who have pocket-money to spend should associate with each other to the exclusion of those who are obliged to be economical. Hence the social atmosphere in which the youth

finds himself is not very different from that of his native village, and he passes on to the University without escaping from it. A respect for his future profession restrains him from indulging in the wilder excesses of the place. In the lecture-rooms he meets with men whose aims and interests are similar to his own, while the students of law, medicine, and philosophy are apt to keep apart from him as from a man who is pledged to a given set of opinions and bound to conform to certain rules. Still, it often happens that a theologian will abandon his calling in his second or third term and devote himself to some other branch of study. If he does not do so and shows any marked ability, an effort will probably be made either to retain him in the neighbourhood of the University or to provide a cure for him in some large town, in which case his chances of preferment are at least as good as those of his colleagues who originally belonged to quite a different social sphere. By these means the more ambitious and gifted of the young men are removed. Those who remain are generally contented with the prospect before them. They pass their examinations with greater or less credit, and are in due time nominated first to a country curacy and then to a country living.

Before he can enter upon the active discharge of his duties a German clergyman must have shown that he possesses a sound classical education and a considerable knowledge of such divinity as can be learned from books. Indeed, in the latter respect his attainments would contrast favourably with those of the average English rector. But an acquaintance with Horace does not necessarily lead to an abhorrence of bad tobacco, nor does a knowledge of the Fathers imply an aversion to small beer. The culture of the German theologian is purely intellectual; his habits and feelings remain those of the class from which he sprang. To dissemble this would be pure affectation on his part; and if he were to withdraw from the harmless amusements of his neighbours he would be mistaking the nature of his position as widely as would an English vicar who took his seat night after night at the head of a pot-house-table.

He is a peasant with greater knowledge, a wider intellectual horizon, and a mind that has been subjected to a thorough intellectual discipline. It is on this very fact that his influence depends. He meets his parishioners on an equal footing, he shares most of their interests and many of their prejudices, and yet hardly a week passes without some question arising, in the discussion of which, if he is a man of tact and judgment, his mental superiority will make itself felt. Besides this, his position renders impartiality easy. He has no personal interest in disputed boundaries and doubtful rights-of-way, though he knows all about them; and so, when he has gained the confidence of his neighbours, he is often able to nip a quarrel in the bud, and to destroy the germ of a very pretty lawsuit. These things are done in the village inn, and so his presence there is often more useful than in the church. In higher respects, too, his position has its advantages. The embittered father, the injured wife, the contrite penitent, the returning prodigal, can all come to him without passing any social gulf, and his intimate acquaintance and sympathy with the life around him lend his advice a practical value which often more than atones for what some might consider its want of religious fervour. Thus, though he himself can hardly be considered an embodiment of the "higher culture," he often exercises a humanizing influence over his congregation which is as wide and deep as it is silent.

It must not, however, be supposed that he allows his learning entirely to rust. The ample orchard, with its ancient fruit trees; the garden, in which a border of old-fashioned flowers is almost always to be found, though it is not allowed to encroach too freely on the cabbage or the potato bed; and the spacious court, which is so full of poultry as almost to resemble a farmyard, do not occupy all his time. In some part of the house, as far as may be from the kitchen and the nursery, there is sure to be a room whose floor most likely is uncarpeted, but whose walls are well lined with bookshelves, and here the clergyman is always ready to discuss with a friend some modern or mediæval poem, a dark epoch in history, or his chief favourite among the authors of antiquity. His interests are not wide, but his knowledge of the special subject of his studies is generally thorough, and it has evidently been acquired for his own satisfaction without any ulterior purpose. If, after passing a pleasant morning in the study, the visitor is invited to stay to dinner, he will find an air of old-world quiet and dignity about the house distinguishing it from the dwellings of the peasants which in other respects it so closely resembles.

We have purposely dwelt upon the pleasant side of clerical life in German country places because it is the one which foreign visitors are least likely to see. The clergyman's threadbare coat, his ungainly manners, his long pipe, and his vast capacity for imbibing beer at once attract attention; the good work that he does is by its very nature less obvious. But it must not be supposed that there are no difficulties in his way, or that he always succeeds in attaining to such a position as that we have described. In Germany, as elsewhere, some parishes are dissatisfied, and there are villages whose entire interest in public life seems to be absorbed in one long effort to thwart and mortify the incumbent. Such dissension has rarely if ever its source in theology. A German is generally quite content to allow his clergyman not only to hold but to preach what opinions he likes, and it would require an almost superhuman effort of wrongheadedness to excite his anger against any dogma that has only been enunciated in a sermon. But when a young man asserts the privileges of his office

as soon as he is presented to a living, and endeavours to exact as a right the consideration that was shown by courtesy to his predecessor, it is a different matter; the whole community goes into a silent but obstinate opposition. His greatest triumphs in the skittle-alley excite no applause, his wittiest stories fall flat, his weightiest arguments command no attention, his best jokes excite no laughter. If he has from the first abstained from the amusements of his neighbours, or afterwards withdraws from their society, the case is still worse. Everybody bows to him, but no one invites him into his house or thinks of calling at the parsonage. By degrees even the women and children cease to go to church, and thus he is left to enjoy his superiority in solitude. Indeed, it occasionally though rarely happens that on some high festival all the inhabitants of a village will emigrate in a body, on foot and in their waggons, to some distant church, in order to testify their dislike of such a pastor. It is generally young men, however, who get into difficulties of this kind. The elder clergy are, as a rule, both respected and beloved, because they have learned to prefer influence to authority.

Their position is the natural outgrowth of the society in which they live, and it is therefore perfectly adapted to it. It would be impossible under any other social conditions. An English country parish always contains two, and very generally three, if not more, classes of laymen, and the vicar would forfeit the respect of all if he associated on perfectly equal terms with any but the highest. In Central Germany the case is different. The peasant proprietors who form a village differ from each other considerably in wealth, but they belong to a single class; their education, manners, and habits of life are the same. The richest among them lives exactly as the poorest would do if he had the necessary means. Thus the clergyman, who has had a better education than any—and this is the distinction that Germans value most highly—at once takes his position at the head of them all. And, as none of his parishioners belong to the higher, so none belong to the very lowest order in the social scale. There may be poverty; there is no real want in the village; the poorest inhabitant is sure of a meal if he asks it of a neighbour. Hence it is no part of the clergyman's duty to collect and to distribute alms, except in a very general and perfunctory way. It would be easy to follow the contrast further, but it is needless to do so. No foreign censure will induce an Englishman with any sufficient knowledge of the subject to doubt that, without taking into consideration any of those theological points on which sects and parties differ, no class in the community exercises so wide and so beneficial an influence as our country clergy. The task that presents itself to the German clergyman is far simpler; but those who best know how difficult it is to do any real good in this world, and who have most closely observed the results of his advice and his example, will be least inclined to underestimate the value of his labours.

#### PUZZLES FOR PEDAGOGUES.

PEDAGOGUES who have to teach the offspring of the British workman in terms of the Elementary Education Acts are just now wondering whether the Legislature meant these statutes to be read as serious enactments, or studied as elaborate legal puzzles. Nor is the case of their employers—the much-enduring ladies and gentlemen who undertake the thankless duties of school managers—much better. Hard as the Acts are to understand in themselves, they are comparatively easy reading till they become annotated by the lawyers, supplemented by official codes or local by-laws, explained by interminable "circulars" from Whitehall, and, as has latterly been the case, brought to something like a *reductio ad absurdum* by judicial decisions. When the average school manager or elementary teacher pores over this great body of official and semi-official literature, in the wild hope that he may find in it some simple guidance as to his rights and his duties, his powers and his responsibilities, then indeed he begins to understand what happens when "reason totters on its throne." Here are two illustrative points—one raised some little time since, the other brought to the front this week at Bradford. The first relates to the charging of school fees—a matter concerning which one would have thought the Education Acts would have been plainly clear. Yet, so far from this being the case, the Court of Queen's Bench has ruled that school managers have no right to sue parents for the school-pence which they refuse to pay; and, what is worse, the ordinary and natural recourse to expulsion as an alternative method of enforcing payment is denied them, for the law lays it down that every child must go to school. In fact, so stupidly have the Education Acts been drawn up that at the present moment, if parents of children in Board schools were simply to refuse payment of fees *en masse*, the free-school system would be thrust upon the country by mere automatic action of the law. One might say the force of folly could no further go, but for the second point, now raised by a magisterial decision in the Bradford Borough Court. A schoolmaster named Johnson was charged with assaulting a boy called Turner. He had given him certain lessons to prepare at home, and, as Turner refused to learn them, he was thrashed. Counsel argued that it was illegal to exact work from the child after school hours against the wish of his parents, and that the flogging was therefore an assault. The Bench, it is true, dismissed the summons, but the case is to go before a higher Court on appeal; and thus the com-



trovery—by no means a new one—as to the legality of “home lessons” enters on a fresh phase of development.

It is a fact not generally known that for some time an agitation has been growing against this system of forcing children to learn lessons out of school hours. School managers and teachers anxious for “results,” on which grants depend, naturally try to stuff as much into the heads of their pupils as they can, and they accordingly endeavour to make them “cram” at home as well as at school. But the British workman does not take precisely the same view of the case. When he returns to the bosom of his family after his day’s toil, he does not want to have the only place he has to sit in turned into a school-room, in which a number of noisy children are monotonously mumbling what the Americans call “recitations,” or scratching interminable rows of figures on greasy slates with screeching pencils. His wife, too, resents this kind of thing for two reasons. The time of the children is no longer at her disposal, for of course they cannot nurse the baby, run errands, or perform any of the many little household duties she expects from them, when they have “home lessons” to attend to. Moreover, there is no accommodation in the average working-man’s house for the child student. This, indeed, the unhappy creature soon discovers when he finds the monotony of study relieved by periodic cuffs from the heavy hand of his mother, who is always finding him “in the way,” and perpetually getting into a temper in consequence. It needs no great effort to imagine how in such circumstances “home lessons” become an intolerable nuisance in the poor man’s household. Nor is it hard to understand why the British workman proceeded to grumble when he found that he was expected, first to pay a schoolmaster for teaching his children in school, and then expected to teach them himself, or let them teach themselves, at home into the bargain. When he is paid by anybody for doing a piece of work he has to do it. Why, he asks, should not teachers who are paid to instruct children instruct them? We might, of course, try to show him that he is quite mistaken in this view. We might remind him how the Romans—if Suetonius is to be believed—held that the education of children ought, properly speaking, to be undertaken by parents, and not by paid teachers. We might cite the example of Cato, who would not let any one but himself teach his son—not even his learned slave Chilo, an ancient gerund-grinder in whom the Roman gentry had great faith in those days. Our British workman will reply that the Romans were fools if they chose to teach their children themselves when the State paid other people to do it for them, and that Cato, if he were really as wise as people report, would have taken precisely the same view had he been a mill-hand in Bradford or a dock-labourer in Limehouse Hole. The only question, in fact, which the British workman will now consider is, Can the law force him to submit to this domestic nuisance? For, if it cannot, then he vows, not without many oaths, that he will certainly not submit to it. When he first showed signs of rebelling, it is true, he greatly shocked Lord Carlingford and the officials in the Education Office. But that was to be anticipated. These officials have long cherished the illusion that the educational machine they work is simply perfect, and that there is not a flaw, or the trace of one, in the Acts of 1860 and 1876. Hence nobody was surprised when in the House of Lords, towards the close of the Session, the Lord President of the Council jauntily assumed that the people who object to have the health and time of their children wasted by “home lessons” had no alternative but submission. Mr. Mundella, we may observe, was rather more wary. He put “private pressure” on Mr. Illingworth and several other patriots who were moved by their constituents to “heckle” him on the subject, and they either withdrew their questions or abstained from asking them. But since the controversy has at last fructified in assault and battery at Bradford, it cannot any longer be pooh-poohed; and it may not be amiss to ask school teachers and managers seriously to consider what their powers actually are under the law.

A though the Bradford Borough Court is quite sure about these, people who have looked carefully into the Education Acts have some doubt as to the soundness of their views. It seems to us the question involved is simply one as to the power a parent has over the disposal of his child’s time, and if that be so, the puzzle to a great extent ceases to be puzzling. The authority of a parent is, of course, only second in completeness to that of the State; and, unless the State has slipped in between him and his child, he can do what he pleases with its time. So far as the present issue is concerned, the only limitation of his authority is that set by two statutes. The 74th section of the Act 33 and 34 Vic. c. 75 enacts that a School Board may make bylaws requiring parents of children between five and thirteen to attend school, and by a later statute this permissive power is made compulsory. It also authorizes the Board to determine the time during which the children are to be at school. The Act 39 and 40 Vic. c. 79, section 4, declares that every parent must cause his child to receive efficient instruction in the “3 R.’s,” subject to certain penalties; and section 11 shows that this duty is discharged whenever the parent sends his child to a public elementary school during the hours for attendance there which have been fixed by the school managers. But no other duty is imposed on the parent. So far as the statutes go, they do not oblige parents to see that their children are taught save in school and during school hours, nor do they give power to the teachers to dispose of the time of the children out of school hours. If it be suggested that the Common Law gives them that power, the answer is simple. With regard to

the parent, the Common Law imposes no liability whatever in respect of the education of his children. With regard to the teacher, his authority, as has been repeatedly explained by Her Majesty’s judges, is that which is delegated by the parent—namely, authority to exercise such “restraint and correction as may be necessary to answer the purposes for which he is employed.” From this it would follow that the teacher has all that portion of the parent’s power necessary for carrying into effect the Education Act of 1876, which provides for the instruction of children during school hours, but during school hours only. How, then, can he legally exact work from a child at any other time against its father’s wish? How can he legally punish a child for not doing work he has no right to exact? What makes the question still more difficult is, that we cannot reconcile the claim to exact home lessons with the section in the Act of 1876, relating to the employment of children out of school hours. It is, of course, penal to employ such children unless they have a “labour certificate,” showing that they have got enough education to make them eligible. But to this rule there is one exception. If school managers will look at the 9th section of the Act of 1876 they will find that a child may be employed without a labour certificate, if it be found *inter alia* “that such employment, by reason of being during school holidays, or during the hours during which school is not open, or otherwise, does not interfere with the efficient elementary instruction of such child, and that the child obtains such instruction by regular attendance for full time at a certified efficient school.” Surely this proves that out of school hours a parent has a right to dispose of his child’s time without interference from the statute, and that to flog a child for not learning “home lessons,” when its parent has set it other work out of school hours, is simply to commit an outrageous assault. But it will be asked if the Education Office, in encouraging school managers and teachers to exact these “home lessons,” have nothing on which they rely by way of legal sanction? They have; but its value may be easily appraised when we say that it consists of a casual expression in par. 39 of the last circular of “Instructions” issued by the Department to Inspectors of Schools. These gentlemen are told that before they certify a school as “excellent” they must see that it complies with certain conditions. Among these is its provision of “a regular system of home exercises and arrangements for correcting them expeditiously and thoroughly.” Of course the people who have written this have a natural objection to appear ignorant of the Act they are paid to administer; and of such ignorance they would stand convicted were it found that they have been imposing illegal conditions on the granting of certificates of excellence. But, apart from the fact that a mere departmental “circular of instructions” to subordinates cannot be permitted to expand the meaning or lengthen the reach of a penal statute, it is clear from the document itself that the writer of it had some hazy idea he was outrunning his authority. He limits his demand for “home exercises” to the “upper classes” in elementary schools; and he groups them with a great many other requirements, such as the possession of a good lending library, and the display of a good museum, and then he goes on to explain ingenuously “that it is hardly to be expected that any one school will satisfy these conditions.” If children must be thrashed because their parents will not let them do home exercises, it is rather a feeble thing to rely on an official bit of “word-painting,” in which an ideal school is depicted, for the necessary legal authority. But then, if they are not to be so thrashed, and home lessons are to be abandoned, whenever a few parents object to them, it is certain that the existing method of instruction will have to be largely modified, if not completely revolutionized. In the meantime, school managers and teachers carry out these methods at their peril—when they seek to enforce them by punishment—and the offspring of the British workman who is bent upon worrying the School Board is in a pitiable plight. If he obeys his father, his teacher thrashes him. If he obeys his teacher, the author of his being cuffs him of nights with the horny hand of toil.

#### THE THEATRES.

**THE Millionaire**, a comedy in four acts, founded by Mr. Godfrey on Mr. Edmund Yates’s novel *Kissing the Rod*, and lately produced at the Court Theatre under the joint management of Mr. Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil, is not in itself a thoroughly good play, is certainly the cause of some excellent acting. Its weakness as a play lies, as is often the case with English pieces, not in dialogue or effect—though effect is much wanting in the last act—so much as in construction and naturalness, of which two things it might be paradoxically said that they are but one—at any rate for stage purposes. The types of character are well chosen, and by no means ill worked; and the talk is, as a rule, amusing, without being rude or impossible, and is sometimes even brilliant; but the emotion suggested by the situations is always rather under the mark, and the situations themselves rather feebly managed. “Rather” is, indeed, a word which might be used in an indicative manner of the whole play. Two young people are rather in love; others rather object to it; the girl marries a rich man, who is in love with her, and behaves rather badly as to the means of bringing about the marriage. She falls rather in love with him after the marriage; and he is, it is only fair to add, very distressed, always by remorse, while she is very indignant when she

is given to understand that he has behaved rather worse than he really has. Then in the last act he is rather ill, and she, once again exchanging the comparative for the superlative, is very forgiving and affectionate, and all ends happily, so far as these two are concerned. The young man who was rather in love disappears early in the play; and the disappearance is rather inartistic. This is a sketch of the obvious shortcomings of a piece which has some decided merits to set against them. It is better considered, better written, better acted than most plays of the day; and, with a better devised last act, might take a good deal higher rank than it now can in critical estimation. One great advantage already hinted at it has, in that it affords the members of an especially good company especially good opportunities. Miss Marion Terry, as Katherine Guyon—the girl who marries the rich man, finds out afterwards that he has behaved ill, and is finally reconciled to him—has every occasion for being graceful and sympathetic; Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, as Hester Gould, makes a consistent study out of somewhat inconsistent materials, and is really true and powerful in the scene where, with a treacherous show of affection, she crushes her rival; and Mrs. John Wood is intensely comic and acts extremely well as Lady Hemmarsh. Mr. Clayton, as Streightley, gives another proof of how much study has done to improve and polish his talent; and his performance, to take an instance, in the first scene, which might easily be played ill or played not at all by a less clever and experienced artist, is a study for young actors. Mr. Cecil has a part which in his hands does very much more than play itself, as it might be allowed to do by a more conventional actor—a part in which he shows, though unequally, both fineness and force; and Mr. Sugden gives a singularly lifelike sketch of a young man about town, marred only by the ugliness of some of his attitudes. Mr. Mackintosh, as a Jew money-lender of character not very artistically “mixed” by the playwright, presents an extraordinarily subtle piece of acting. Without one touch of over-emphasis, he makes you feel exactly what the man is; how far he has learnt how to behave in a drawing-room; how far he is conscious of his shortcomings; how far he feels himself successful in disguising them; and how far a natural kindness of heart works against the instincts of his trade. The play is capitally mounted, and is very well worth seeing.

At the Haymarket special interest attaches to the revival of *Fédora*, because Mr. Bancroft has succeeded Mr. Coghlan in the very trying part of Loris Ipanoff. It was a daring experiment, or it was thought to be so, for Mr. Bancroft to appear in a part demanding the truest dignity and, at the end, the truest force, exhibited when the habit of dignity is broken through by the outbreak of a wild nature. As to the dignity, Mr. Bancroft has shown that, in other forms, often before, and not least when he played a small but important part in *Man and Wife*. True emotion too he has shown, though not to so great an extent as in the love scenes and in the admirably given recital of Loris's wrongs which occur in *Fédora*. Up to the moment when the outbreak of Loris's fierceness comes in the last act, there was not a wrong point in Mr. Bancroft's acting; and when that came, the only wrongness seemed due to a nervousness which was natural enough. It was wanting not in strength, but in the control of art, the completeness which the *optique du théâtre* demands. On the first night Mr. Bancroft's performance was full of insight, interest, and individuality. It was a piece of acting, and of good acting, in the true sense of the word; and its only shortcoming was in the direction just indicated. Probably that has now been remedied. For the rest Mrs. Bernard Beere has lost nothing of force or perception as *Fédora*; Miss Calhoun is pleasing and clever as the Countess; Mr. Conway is somewhat weak as Jean de Sirieux; and Mr. Brookfield as impressive as before as Gretch.

The only reputation at all the worse for the production of Mr. F. C. Burnand's new “burlesque-drama,” produced at the Gaiety Theatre, is that of Mr. F. C. Burnand himself. Shakspeare stands where Shakspeare stood, *The Tempest* is *The Tempest* still, and the Gaiety company has done what it had to do very well. But the fame of the eminent professional humourist to whom we are indebted for so many happy thoughts and affecting *jeux de mots*, has in some sort suffered change.

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against Fate.

Especially, it may be added, when Fate takes on the shape of an ambition to excel, at any cost, in the achievement of humour. In truth, there is nothing so fragile as renown; you may make it with a good jest, and you may break it with a bad one. This is the case with Mr. Burnand. What he won with *Lion* and *Billet Towner* and *Black-Eyed Susan*, he has lost with *Ariel*, or the *King of the Caliban Island*; and the worst is that he does not seem to be aware of his misadventure. We have it on excellent authority that, in his opinion, his travesty of the story of *Bluebeard* was an advance on all his previous essays in tomfoolery, and that *Ariel* is an improvement even upon *Bluebeard*, all sublime and star-pointing as *Bluebeard* is.

Mr. Burnand, indeed, has rushed in where Dryden had not feared to tread; and the results are moving in no mean degree. In his thoughtful way, he took pains to tell the world beforehand what was to be done and how he meant to do it. Speaking *urbi et orbi*, he explained, that he saw possibilities of burlesque in *The Tempest*, and that he proposed to turn these possibilities to the best account. In Prospero he perceived the makings of an idiotic enchanter—an enchanter whose strength resided in

his “properties”; in Caliban, a backward boy, deprived of his rights; in Ariel, an admirable part for Miss Farren, and so forth, and so forth. That there is something in this view of matters all students of the comic press will hasten to admit. There is evidently a drama in the struggle for mastery between Caliban and Prospero; and all you have to do is to construct your plot, tell your story clearly, develop your characters by means of dialogue in good comic prose, keep your main interest well in hand, and the thing is done. Something of this (not much, it is true) Mr. Burnand had attempted in *Bluebeard*, the Petitpois of which noble piece of buffoonery is understood to be a combination—a kind of Cerberus, so to speak—of Eccles and Digby Grant and somebody else; and there was no apparent reason why in *Ariel* he should not essay to repeat, with improvements, the same heroic effect. They who argued thus, however, had forgotten the facts of the case—that *Ariel* was written for the Gaiety, that it was confessedly designed as an opportunity for a pleasing and popular actress, and that the author, for all his revelations and ambitions, might just as well, as far as drama and literature are concerned, have chosen while he was about it to burlesque one of Bacon's essays, or the Fifth Proposition in Euclid's First Book, or a sermon of Jeremy Taylor's. These, at least, are the conclusions at which one arrives after the event. The new burlesque-drama, “number seven of the series,” is not at all offensive. It is only tedious. Mr. Burnand, regardless of those delightful glimpses into the heart of his mystery which he was pleased to give us in the press, has done his work as carelessly as he announced it carefully. His *Ariel* is merely a “variety entertainment,” with Miss Farren for the “star artiste.” There is something of Caliban, as Mr. Burnand's idea of a backward boy; something of Prospero, as Mr. Burnand's idea of an idiot magician; and an infinite deal of Miss Farren. Plot he has none; character he has none; wit, humour, fun, high spirits, he has none. To burlesque *The Tempest*, he has merely written three “acts” (they are called “acts,” it is hard to say why) of tedious doggerel, kept his principal actress well to the front, contrived a certain number of opportunities for the Gaiety chorus, and converted Miranda into a part for Miss Connie Gilchrist. The process is stereotyped; the result was a foregone conclusion.

Here is a specimen of the author's humour:—

I'll purchase back my island place by place,  
Then buy the world, and then I'll buy up space.  
Lovely green wollum! Every place I mean  
To own, and I've begun with *Walham Green*.

It is Caliban who speaks, and the “green wollum” of the poet is the second volume of Prospero's book:—

Called “Some Receipts for Parlour Magic, or  
The Conjuror's Digest of Magic Lore,”  
By Bradshaw the Conveyancer.

Of course Prospero, being a principal personage, has a song to himself; and, equally of course, as his author is Mr. Burnand, his ditty is majestically suggestive of music-halls and “Lion Comiques.” As thus:—

Hanky-panky, cockalorum presto,  
Wizard of the North, South, East, and West oh!  
Observe there's no deception, I appeal to any one,  
There's nothing up my sleeve believe, and that's how it's done.

This, however, is seriously dramatic. In his lighter moments Mr. Burnand is not a whit less remarkable. This, for instance, is how Miranda talks to the Fairies—that is to say, the Gaiety chorus:—

Living with Nobodies who move so breezily,  
Serene Transparencies, seen through so easily,  
Things on whom dress improvers will not sit,  
Spirits! I don't believe in you a bit.

This, it is to be noted, is Mr. Burnand in his most pedestrian and his least ambitious mood. When he sets himself thoroughly on his mettle, he becomes really impressive. This is how, to a melody made by Herr Meyer Lutz, his Ariel describes himself:—

Changing my form, ever changing my name,  
As over the place I range,  
I'm tinkery, tailory,  
Soldiery, sailory,  
Thievery, galory,  
Huntery, whalery,  
Turkery, Pashery,  
Crawliery, Mashery,  
Anything for a change.

This is perhaps enough. The rest may well be silence.

Of the way in which *Ariel* is acted and sung there is little to be said. For the greater part of the evening Miss Farren is only Miss Farren. In the last act, however, Miss Farren appears as a Boulogne fishwife, with a charming dress and a song in broken French. The little sketch she gives is excellent, in speech, manner, bearing, and gesture alike. It is the best thing she has done this many a day; and we cannot help wishing that she did it earlier in the evening. Mr. Monkhouse, the Prospero of the piece, has a stupid and impossible part. Mr. Elton, as Caliban, is conventionally grotesque and singularly agile; he acts feebly, but he dances admirably well. Mr. Warde is seen in a wonderful hornpipe, and Miss Phyllis Broughton in a very pretty costume, which she wears with all possible grace. There is some lively music, and there are some good and effective bits of scene-painting and arrangement; and that is all.



## THE CESAREWITCH.

FEW people who have not tried it know what a difficult thing it is to make a good handicap. Opinions may differ as to the advantages or disadvantages of races of that description, but there can be no doubt that handicapping is an art which requires observation, judgment, study, skill, and memory. To make a handicap like the Cesarewitch demands labours which have much in common with those of compiling a dictionary, writing a Bradshaw, drawing up a share list, and calculating the distances of the fixed stars. To all this must be added some personal knowledge of the horses and also of the characters of their owners and trainers. How handicappers must loath racing and the very name of race-horses! If we wished to prevent our sons from having a taste for the Turf, we would make them learn to compile handicaps from their earliest youth, and we feel confident that they would hate racing even more than the average schoolboy hates algebra and Euclid. Yet dry as is the process of handicapping, few men were fonder of racing than its great professor, Admiral Rous, and he used to take a grim pleasure in what he called his "game of weights." It would be an ungrateful task to compare the efforts of that great amateur with the professional work of the present day; but in fairness we feel bound to say that of late years the official handicapping has been exceedingly good.

Generally speaking, it is a good sign when the heavily-weighted horses are well backed for a handicap; it was, therefore, very satisfactory to see Corrie Roy, the mare whose name stood at the head of the handicap for the late Cesarewitch, made the first favourite early last month. Not only was the weight allotted to her the heaviest in the handicap, but it was an exceptionally severe one, being 9 st. 8 lbs., or 15 lbs. more than the heaviest burden ever carried to victory in the Cesarewitch. Corrie Roy had herself won the Cesarewitch last year under the heaviest weight on record; but 15 lbs. was an immense addition to it, especially as the twelve month's increase in her age did not render her liable to any extra weight. Yet there could be no doubt that she was an extraordinary mare, especially over long courses; and there was no saying what weight she might not be capable of carrying. Last August she won the Great Ebor Handicap in a common canter by three lengths when carrying the enormous weight of 9 st. 12 lbs., and she won the Goodwood Stakes under 9 st. still more easily. About the middle of September she was a very strong first favourite at 8½ to 1; but towards the end of the month it was said that she was not doing quite enough hard work to satisfy the touts, and she went down a little in the betting. As the day of the race drew near she was again reported to be in excellent condition and taking her full share of gallops. Everything seemed to be going well with the mare; but backers felt nervous about her chance when they considered the burden she would have to carry over an exceptionally long course, in a race that is always run at a strong pace, with a tiring finish up an incline which makes every extra pound tell upon its bearer.

Hackness, the winner of the Cambridgeshire of last year, was another mare that became first favourite for the Cesarewitch. She had been much fancied for the Cesarewitch of last year, but for some reason of his own, her owner thought proper to scratch her a day or two before the race. Her public form this year did not entitle her to favouritism, but the Cesarewitch was understood to be what, in racing slang, is called her "journey," and she was not overburdened with weight at 7 st. 4 lbs. Quicklime had been to a great extent reserved for the Cesarewitch this year, but his form was thoroughly exposed last season, and a fortnight before the Cesarewitch a splendid public trial of the horse took place in the Triennial Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting. In this race he had run over a course almost as long as that of the Cesarewitch, and he had finished within a neck of Dutch Oven. Dutch Oven had won easily, for Archer waited with her and took her up to Quicklime quite at the end of the race, but nevertheless this was a great improvement on Quicklime's form with the same mare in the St. Leger of 1882. In that race Quicklime had been unplaced, and now he had at any rate made Dutch Oven gallop. Another horse that had been unplaced in the St. Leger last year was Sweetbread, but Sweetbread was now handicapped at 8 st. 13 lbs., while Quicklime was only to carry 7 st. 8 lbs. It was probable that Dutch Oven was at least some pounds better than Sweetbread, but her running with Quicklime at the First October Meeting did not imply that she could give much more than 19 lbs. to him, which was the allowance he was to receive from Sweetbread. How much better again was Corrie Roy supposed to be than Dutch Oven that she should give Quicklime 2 st.? A mare that was handicapped to give that weight to a horse that had won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot must indeed have been highly estimated. Quicklime had only to allow a pound more to the horse at the very bottom of the handicap, and was he no more than half way between the very worst and the very best horse in the race? Don Juan was one of the light-weight division that found his way into high favour. He had only won a moderate handicap, but he was in the Cesarewitch at 5 st. 10 lbs. Perhaps the strongest thing in his favour was the large amount of money for which he was backed. One of the most important qualities in a Cesarewitch horse is staying, and among the most noted stayers in training was the Duke of Beaufort's Faugh-a-Ballagh. Last year he had run Foxhall to a neck in the Ascot Cup, over two miles and a half, and this year he had run second to Barcaldine for the Orange Cup, over three miles. He had also won the Alexandra Plate this season

at Ascot, over three miles, beating Wallenstein, from whom he was receiving 12 lbs. Besides this he had won a couple of minor races this year. He did not seem to be put very lightly into the handicap at 8 st. 1 lb., but Sweetbread was handicapped 12 lbs. more heavily, and he was placed 21 lbs. below Corrie Roy. He is a great striding horse, and although he may not have a great turn of speed, he runs very honestly throughout a long race, and uses what speed he possesses with undiminished gameness at the finish. Tonans, a five-year-old, carrying 7 st. 1 lb., who had been a very moderate performer in public, was backed at a shortish price on his private reputation. His appearance was rather in his favour, considering the light weight he had to carry, but he might have shown a little more quality.

Witchcraft, a three-year-old, by Kingcraft, carrying 6 st. 7 lbs., had won three races last year, but she had run half a dozen times unsuccessfully this season. Limestone, an own brother to Quicklime, but a year older, and handicapped 3 lbs. lower, was a good deal backed at long odds, but his performances did not entitle him to any great respect. An Irish three-year-old colt, called Cosmos, belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, had won four races this year in his own country, and he was now to carry 6 st. 5 lbs. As he was in the same stable with Ossian and City Arab, it was supposed that his backers had good reason for thinking he had some chance of victory. The American mare Giroflé, a six-year-old by Leamington, put into the handicap at 8 st. 1 lb., was backed to win an immense stake. Her only public performance in England had been in the race for the last Goodwood Cup, when she had been the last of the five competitors to pass the winning-post. Sachem, another American-bred horse, was a four-year-old, handicapped at 7 st. 1 lb. This had been one of the most unlucky horses in training. He had run fifteen times without ever winning a race, and yet he had been placed six times for different races, including the Derby, the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and the great Free Handicap at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

Before describing the race, it may be well to recall to mind the Cesarewitch course, which is part of the famous old Beacon course. The start takes place seven furlongs from the Beacon starting-post, and for rather more than half a mile the course is perfectly straight; then, after crossing an occupation road, there is a very slight bend to the right, which leads into another straight piece of three furlongs, known as Choke Jade. This brings us up to the Devil's Ditch, the well-known ancient earth-work which crosses Newmarket Heath. Through this earth-work a gap has been cut, and on entering it the course turns a little to the left, and on leaving it sharply to the right. These two turns and the gap occupy about a furlong. We now enter a beautiful long straight piece of course, a mile and a quarter long, which leads right up to the winning-post, and we are passing the starting-post of the course known as Across the Flat. In rather more than a furlong we come to the Abingdon Mile starting-post, and a furlong further on we pass the Rowley Mile starting-post, which is the place from which the horses start for the Two Thousand Guineas. After this we come to nothing in particular for half a mile, when we reach the winning-post of the course known as the First Five Furlongs of the Abingdon Mile; in less than a furlong we come to the Two-Year-Old winning-post, and a furlong further on we pass the Ditch Mile winning-post, which is a sort of halfway house on the long Beacon Course. Here are the Bushes, and then follows a decline known as the Bushes Hill, and after descending this for rather more than a furlong, we come to the winning-post of the Abingdon Mile. We are now in the Abingdon Bottom, or the Dip, as it is often called, from which a rather steep incline of about a furlong leads up to the winning-post.

The twenty-two starters arrived at the post considerably before the appointed time, and no difficulty was found in getting them away. At first they ran in an unbroken line, and then the running was made by Bendigo, a three-year-old, carrying 6 st. 9 lbs., who was followed by Faugh-a-Ballagh, Cosmos, and Don Juan. The field kept in very close order until Choke Jade was passed, but when they went through the gap, several horses that had been in a forward position lost their places. As they came into the flat, after leaving the gap, Bendigo was still leading, and Faugh-a-Ballagh, Don Juan, Cosmos, Hackness, and Sachem were all running well at this part of the race. Corrie Roy, Giroflé, and the stable-companions, Quicklime and Limestone, were a little behind them, but not far away. They passed the T.Y.C. winning-post without much change, but at the Ditch-mile winning-post the field was beginning to straggle very much. At the Bushes, Bendigo was still leading, but Cosmos, Sachem, Don Juan, and a horse called Preferment were all in the front rank. Quicklime, Limestone, and Sweetbread were also close to the leading horses, but they were already hard ridden. In descending the Bushes hill, Bendigo was beaten, and Cosmos took the lead, followed by Don Juan and Hackness. Tonans was the nearest of the rest of the field, and Sachem, who had been running very well, followed in his wake. In the Abingdon Bottom, the race evidently lay between Cosmos, Hackness, and Don Juan. When they began to ascend the hill, Don Juan and Hackness passed Cosmos, and Don Juan soon got the best of it. Hackness ran gamely, but her extra weight told its tale on the rising ground, and little Martin kept Don Juan going at his best pace as far as the winning-post, securing the race by a length. Cosmos was a length behind Hackness; Tonans was at his quarters, and Sachem was fifth. Don Juan is bred to stay, being by John Davis, by Voltigeur, while his grand-sire and grand-dam on his dam's side were

respectively by Touchstone and Sir Hercules. Non-betting men generally like to see the best horse win, but it must not be forgotten that the object of a handicap is to give the worst, as well as the best horse, a chance of victory. Last year the Cesarewitch was won under a very heavy weight, so it seems fair enough that it should have been won this year under a very light one.

## REVIEWS.

### GARDINER'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

WE are glad to join in the congratulations which have from many sides greeted the republication in a new and connected form of Mr. Gardiner's standard historical works. Mr. Gardiner is not one of those writers of history, occasionally to be found even in high literary places, with whom a first edition is something like a rough proof sent forth to be pencilled over by the suggestions of friends and critics, and to be amended with alacrity by the second thoughts of the author himself. On the other hand, he is not so much under the spell of his own judgment on things great or small as to be incapable of modifying an opinion once expressed, or revising a narrative once put together, like some popular favourites for whom, after their books have been written, archives open and new arguments come to light in vain. His histories, accordingly, could afford to wait, as the earliest of the series has waited, during the better part of a generation before reaching a second edition; but now that after an interval of many years they are re-issued, their readers are allowed to profit by an untiring research which has only served to invigorate a judgment always distinguished by soundness as well as by acumen. It is at the same time a matter for regret that, at all events in the case of the volumes extending from the accession of James I. to the disgrace of Chief Justice Coke, the opportunity for a revised edition, or of any second edition at all, should have been so long in coming. These volumes have for some time been a possession coveted in vain by younger historical students out of reach of accommodating libraries. That a work which is not merely the best book, but from some points of view the only book, on a very important period of English history, should have been for some years out of print without the public demand for it being of such a nature as at once to lead to a reprint is not a very encouraging sign as to the progress of historical studies in this country. However, Mr. Gardiner's narrative—so far, at least, as he has carried it at present—will now, by means of this continuous edition, assume its proper place in the *catena classicorum* of our national history. There are links enough missing in the chain, it is true; of some that we had all hoped to see before long inserted in its sequence death has defeated the expectation; others, placed there for a time by the voice of our age, are not "of that self metal" as their companions, and are only standard histories *faute de mieux*. But we greatly mistake if in Mr. Gardiner's *History of England* our times have not produced a work destined to teach many a generation after them the true historical antecedents and conditions of the greatest political struggle through which our nation has passed. The mere historical learning of which Mr. Gardiner's writings give proof on every page would not perhaps of itself assure to them such a future; for among the works of English historians round the leaves of which the dust has peacefully gathered there are more solid and thorough books than is sometimes supposed; and at no time is it so difficult to arrive at a final solution of historical questions as in ours, when even the Vatican assumes a mien of readiness to give up its dead. The History which is now placed within the reach of all English students will owe some at least of its vitality to the vein of genuine patriotism which runs through it, unobtrusively indeed, but unmistakably. It is the patriotism of a scholar who neither wastes his time upon smart comparisons and half-analogies, nor tries to irrigate by the currents of history some trim little political philosophy of his own, but who knows that the greatness of his country is the work of a succession of ages, each with its own conception of the task incumbent upon it. And, as it is the highest function of the historian to explain the actions of the past in connexion with the moral forces at work in and through them, so Mr. Gardiner, by his consistent endeavour to render historical justice to both sides of the great conflict treated by him, illustrates the real conditions of our national stability and of our national progress. He does not underrate the seriousness of that conflict which endured for "eighty-four long and stormy years"; but it is not to him either the revolt of reason against unreason, or the vainly resisted self-assertion of natural rights, or the insistence by one side on the performance of a contract ignored by the other. He has a very clear opinion as to the side with which the future lay, but he does not conceal the fact that some of the country's strongest intellectual power and most zealous devotion to the service of the State exerted themselves in an opposite direction. "England," he says in a very noteworthy passage on Bacon's theory of government, which he has done well in substantially reprinting, "had to work out the problem of government unaided by experience, and was entering, like Columbus, upon a new world, where there was

nothing to guide her but her own high spirit and the wisdom and virtue of her sons."

The changes introduced in this new edition consist partly of new matter and partly of the re-arrangement of old. In touching on the latter first, we hardly like to begin by regretting that it should have been thought inadvisable to allow the first two volumes of the new edition to correspond in their contents to the first work of the original series. Publishers may have their reasons for affecting the *enjambement* of volumes which Mr. Gardiner has adopted by transferring his chapter on the disgrace of Chief Justice Coke from the end of the second volume to the beginning of the third, and substituting in its place a chapter of which the greater part is introductory (as to Raleigh's voyages), and the rest (as to the abandonment of the French marriage project) is of secondary importance. The history of much of James's unfortunate foreign policy, together with the narrative of Raleigh's last expedition and end, fills Mr. Gardiner's third volume, to which this chapter would have formed the most suitable opening; while on the other hand the dismissal of Coke marks an epoch, as Mr. Gardiner has well pointed out, in constitutional history. The very striking passage at the end of Chapter xxii. in the new edition, where occasion is taken from the date of Shakespeare's death to remind the reader how, with the greatness the harmony of the Elizabethan age had departed, loses much of its effect in being transplanted from the close of the volume which has narrated the commencement of the quarrel between the King and the Commons. In other respects Mr. Gardiner has, so far as we have noticed, rearranged his text with advantage to the lucidity and ease of his narrative. Of his introductory chapter he has judiciously condensed the earlier part into two or three pages; the whole sketch, as he reminds us, will be found "in a more mature form" in the *Introduction to the Study of English History*, written by him in conjunction with Mr. Mullinger. No more satisfactory outline of the kind exists, and Mr. Mullinger's part of the work only needs amplification and revision to make the whole book invaluable to students and teachers. In the new introductory chapter we must ask permission in passing to take exception to the foot-note about Chaucer, which begs the point at issue; and to regret that Mr. Gardiner has not rewritten the passage concerning the Wars of the Roses, which represents the people of England as letting Richard III. and the future Henry VII. fight it out at Bosworth, after having in some way attained to the knowledge that they were "competitors of equal ability." The chapter very appropriately closes with a rapid survey of Church history under Elizabeth, transferred from the third chapter of the earlier edition; so that a second chapter now appropriately follows, partly rewritten from other portions of the book, on Church and State in Scotland. The very noteworthy demonstration that the Church of Scotland was, in point of fact, deserted by the higher Scottish nobility, notwithstanding the share which the latter had had in the Reformation, thus becomes even clearer than it was in the earlier edition. The very creation of the Tulchan bishops was a victory for the aristocracy, which loftily stayed away from the General Assemblies. The nobles helped the King to reduce Edinburgh to submission in 1597; and, as Mr. Gardiner points out, had Lindsay of Balcarres's notable scheme of introducing representatives of the Kirk into Parliament been actually pressed, it is the nobles whose resistance to the scheme would have formed the chief obstacle in the way of its success. Additional clearness is again obtained by relating the history of Irish affairs consecutively at the close of the first volume. Chichester is the hero of this portion of the story, whose name stands forth in the list of Irish viceroys, together with that of Chesterfield and a few others at later dates, in demurrer to the courteous epigram that the history of the English government of Ireland is that of the government of a quick-witted by a stupid people. In Chichester's case, we may further observe, it was certainly not the "Castle" which swayed the policy of the Government at home. The Deputy's plan for the settlement of Ulster, which "would have treated with the Irish as being the actual possessors of the soil, and would only have admitted the colonists after the bargain with the natives had been completed," was rejected in favour of that proposed by the Commissioners nominated by the English Privy Council, who "were ready to look upon the map of the north of Ireland as if it had been a sheet of white paper, and to settle natives and colonists in any way which might appear at the time to be most convenient." However well these Commissioners may individually have been acquainted with Irish affairs, they committed the radical error of estranging the element of loyalty, or at least of eventual loyalty, which existed in the native population; and they thus permanently established the dualism to which part of Ireland owes much of its relative prosperity, but which has come to form the most perplexing side of the Irish difficulty. In the treatment of the Irish recusants, on the other hand, the suggestion of a more tolerant system seems to have come in the first instance from the English Council; but, as Mr. Gardiner thinks,

This order cannot have been otherwise than agreeable to the Deputy. He had engaged himself in repressive measures, not from any persecuting spirit, but because he believed that the religion of the Catholics made them enemies to order and government. He gave way, like the Duke of Wellington in 1829, without modifying his opinion in the least, as soon as he saw that his measures had provoked a spirit of resistance which was far more dangerous to the State than the elements which he had attempted to repress.

Chichester was at the same time no Callicratidas. After the suppression of O'Dogherty's rebellion, followed by that of O'Hanlon's,

\* *History of England, from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Civil War, 1603-1642.* By Samuel R. Gardiner. 10 vols. Vols. I. to III. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.



he "allowed it to be understood that he would pardon no man unless he could show that he had put some of his comrades to death." The consequence was so shameful an episode as that of the massacre on Tory Island contrived by Sir Henry Foliot, and reported by him with virtuous satisfaction to the Deputy. Mr. Gardiner has done well to insert a brief account of this massacre in his new edition; for, as he truly remarks, "that an English officer could originate such a tragedy, and calmly recount it afterwards, goes far to explain why it was that even the Government in favour of the natives did not go far to win the Celtic heart from their own chieftains." There seems every reason to believe that Chichester's recall in 1615 was owing to his unwillingness to engage in a further course of persecution of the steady systematic kind recommended by his successor, Sir Oliver St. John. The Irish Parliamentary history of the years 1613-1615 forms an interesting sequel to the narrative of the earlier period of Chichester's government, and includes the truly Irish episode of the double election of Speaker, when, after the minority had contrived to seat their candidate in the chair, the tellers of the majority dropped the duly elected Speaker, the philosophical Sir John Davies, in his opponent's lap.

The additions made by Mr. Gardiner to the text and notes of his earlier volumes are mainly due to sources of information which have been opened since their publication. Among these are, of course, the *Calendars of State Papers*, both English and Irish, which have been issued within the last twenty years, more than keeping pace with the progress of the historian's own published labours. Of MS. sources he specifies among others the letters preserved at Hatfield, and the series of Roman transcripts in the Record Office, not, we believe, as yet calendared for the use of the public at large. We are not aware that the former have, in any special way, contributed to affect Mr. Gardiner's estimate of Salisbury, which remains essentially the same as that given in the earlier edition. With regard to his financial administration, however, Mr. Gardiner shows, in reference to a caustic criticism of Mr. Spedding's, the injustice of the anti-thesis that "the total result of his financial administration appears to have been the halving of the debt, at the cost of almost doubling the deficiency." While the former was the result of Salisbury's own labour, he had little control over the expenditure. Among the reasons given by Bacon for the increase of expenditure since the death of King James's aged and "barren" predecessor is not included the temperament of King James himself. He could not say "no" either to the petitions of his favourites or to the demands of his own whims; moreover, his Queen lived for her pleasures, and there perhaps never was an age in which the pleasures of Court and society, more especially those of a more refined and artistic kind, were of a relatively more costly nature. In 1609 James entailed upon the Crown the greater part of the lands which were then in his possession; but he did not bind his hands against giving away ready money, which was equally welcome to the sturdy beggars about the Court. But for this recklessness in expenditure the Great Contract, the failure of which is not to be laid at Salisbury's door, would have adequately met the necessities of the Crown. At all events he was spared the humiliation—for it became such by the unwillingness of the response elicited—of recommending a benevolence like that of the year 1614. With regard to Salisbury's foreign policy, we notice that Mr. Gardiner, in his parting summary, no longer speaks of his acceptance of the Spanish pension as "the great blot of his life." Big words are rarely in the historian's way, and the circumstances under which the hard-working English Minister "permitted himself to decline so far from the paths of rectitude" are in truth almost as obscure as when Mr. Gardiner first endeavoured to do justice to a statesman who has as few partisans among later writers as he had in his lifetime. The most innocent explanation of his conduct—which, in fact, amounts to his having taken pay for rendering services of no real political importance—is certainly favoured by the rumour, mentioned by Northampton to Sir Robert Cotton, that Salisbury was likewise in receipt of a pension from France. The fact does not admit of dispute that neither publicly nor privately was the policy of Spain and an intimate alliance between her and England supported by her pensioner. Of Salisbury's unpopularity much had come over into the new reign from the later days of Elizabeth, when he stood opposed to the younger men who regarded Essex as their hero. Not even Salisbury's father, the greatest of Elizabeth's statesmen, had met with the recognition which was his due, though his had been a less popular rival.

The use made by Mr. Gardiner of the Roman transcripts will, as he informs us, become still more apparent as the re-issue of his work progresses. We observe that they have helped to supply some particulars, in addition to those already known, concerning one of the lesser mysteries of James I.'s reign—the religious condition, if it may be so described, of his consort. For whether this headstrong, though frivolous, daughter of a headstrong race ever had opinions deserving of the name may be safely doubted. Even the English Catholics, sanguine as they were about the beginning of the new reign, seem never to have built any serious speculations upon the favour with which she regarded their creed; and curious as is the notion of a sister of Christian IV. secretly indulging in attendance upon Mass, she was not of a calibre to play any decisive part in the Catholic reaction on which Gondomar so confidently calculated. Yet she was "most regarded of" Pope Clement VIII., as was asserted by no less an authority than Father Garnet in a statement drawn up before his trial and preserved in the Hatfield MSS. The statement in question is endorsed

by Salisbury, "This was forbidden by the King to be given in evidence," which suggests to Mr. Gardiner the query, "Was the reason because the Queen was spoken of in it as above, or simply that in it Garnet denied that he knew of the plot out of confession?" In his new edition, by the way, Mr. Gardiner supplements his narrative of the Gunpowder Plot by a curious sketch-map of the Midland district where the second act of the drama was to be played, but where, as it proved, the catastrophe of the conspirators began. Mr. Gardiner reminds us, in a note of the circumstance pointed out by his colleague, Mr. Hales, that many of the places connected with the plot lay round Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare must at the time have been a frequent visitor. Thus a famous allusion in *Macbeth* acquires an additional interest, from the possibility that Shakespeare was in a sense brought into contact with the most startling event of his later years, though not after so direct a fashion as his friend Ben Jonson. While on the subject of the affairs of the Catholics in England, we may direct attention to the curious information in Mr. Gardiner's new edition as to Donna Luisa de Carvajal, a Spanish lady reputed for her piety and munificence, who for a series of years resided in London, in the house occupied by the Spanish ambassadors in the Barbican, as a kind of centre of the Catholic propaganda. She had been left untouched during the troubles which ensued upon the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, though involved in grave suspicions by reason of her dealings with some of the conspirators, but she had been imprisoned for a short time in 1608. After this she had returned to the Barbican, where she kept a large number of English servants, so that rumour asserted her household to be nothing less than a nunnery in disguise. In 1613, however, having gone for change of air to a house in Spitalfields, she was arrested by order of Archbishop Abbot, and put under arrest at Lambeth. Sarmiento (Gondomar), then in the first year of his embassy in England, immediately sent his wife to bear Donna Luisa company and demanded her release. James expressed his willingness to order it, if she would undertake to leave the country without delay. Sarmiento assented to the proposal, merely adding that he would in that case leave England at the same time. The lady was released unconditionally, and James, as Mr. Gardiner says, had unexpectedly found a master.

Of the most notorious private crime of King James's reign, the Overbury murder, Mr. Gardiner's account commends itself by dispassionate clearness, and a desire, in so black a chaos of possibilities and suspicions, to take nothing for granted. We suppose that few remain gravely to support the theory of contemporary scandal according to which King James himself was involved in the murder, though we cannot profess ourselves satisfied with the conjecture that what the King feared Somerset might reveal at the trial was "something connected with the Spanish pensions." On the other hand, some of Mr. Gardiner's readers will, we think, remain unconvinced by his arguments in favour of the innocence of Somerset, while agreeing that according to all reasonable notions of evidence he was improperly condemned. We may notice in passing that Mr. Gardiner expresses some doubt as to the correctness of the widespread notion that the Court of James I. was so steeped in immorality as is at times assumed, and that, for instance, Hallam's comparison of it from this point of view to the Court of Charles II. is warranted by evidence. Mr. Gardiner is not prone to generalities, and still less to the retailing of scandalous gossip such as fills the pages of Weldon and libellers even worse than he, and such as, if we remember right, inspired the late Mr. Kingsley to a very effective diatribe. The theme is perhaps hardly one suitable for a prize essay, and there are ways—such, for instance, as a comparison between the dramatic literatures of the two periods—in which the question might be more strikingly than trustworthily discussed. Still, it seems to us as if in the age of James there had been, as in the last phase of the Italian Renaissance, a kind of false interest in vice and crime on a grand scale—a kind of glamour thrown round what is evil—which marks a very low depth of moral degradation.

On the question of Somerset's guilt, as in matters of greater historical importance, Mr. Gardiner holds his own against the foremost authority of our times on the period treated by both writers. In the preface to his first volume he speaks of the late Mr. Spedding's *Letters and Life of Bacon* as the most important contribution to the history of Bacon's period, and as simply invaluable to its historian. Elsewhere, in a note unfortunately too long to be quoted here, concerning the political principles of Bacon as contrasted with those of Coke, he dwells on "the loss of one whose mind was so acute and whose nature was so patient and kindly. It was a true pleasure to have one's statements and arguments exposed to the testing fire of his hostile criticism." No worthier tribute, and none more likely to endure, has been paid to the merits of the eminent author whose career has recently come to so sad and sudden a close. The flood of light shed by Mr. Spedding's labours upon every circumstance connected with the life of the man whose mind was the most active as well as the most powerful among the intellects of his age, makes it natural that even in Mr. Gardiner's first two volumes Bacon should at times almost seem the central figure of the narrative. But he nowhere disguises the fact that Bacon notwithstanding—though in a very different sense from that in which the same may be asserted of his master—stood apart from the age to which he belonged. At the beginning of James's reign he was both the most popular member of the House of Commons, and the politician clearly marked out to become the adviser of the King. But in his schemes of Imperial policy he was too far in

advance of his contemporaries to carry them with him; and his estimate of the prerogative, together with the tendency to morigeration which was the fatal flaw in his character, made him subservient not only to the King but to the King's Ministers, whom he could counsel but never came to control. "Always offering the best advice only to find it rejected, he sank into the mere executor of the schemes of inferior men, the supporter of an administration whose policy he was never allowed to influence." Fascinating as is the study of that mighty and many-sided mind in all its workings, excusable as are even the most paradoxical attempts to harmonize all the aspects of his long and laborious career, it is impossible not to subscribe to Mr. Gardiner's opinion that "of all the sad sights of this miserable reign, surely Bacon's career must have been the saddest." Thus one turns, it cannot be denied, with a sense of relief to the hard, self-sufficient, and limited character of his opponent, great neither by his vast learning nor his unbending consistency (for his ultimate disavowal of his views need hardly be taken into account), but one whose resistance to what he held unlawful became a landmark in the history of his country.

With Coke's dismissal, coincident with the rapid rise of Villiers into a position of even greater power than that enjoyed by Somerset, a new period in the reign of James I. seems to announce itself. In this period foreign affairs, in connexion with the King's schemes of pacific intervention, become of primary interest. But as these are most easily viewed in their continuity down to the time of the final collapse of the schemes in question, which lies beyond the range of Mr. Gardiner's third volume, a future opportunity may offer itself for resuming our comments on his work. When completed in its new form it cannot fail to take a permanent place among the achievements of modern historical literature.

#### MISS BEAUCHAMP, A PHILISTINE.\*

THERE are some books which are best reviewed in what may indifferently be called a paternal spirit, or a spirit such as that of a moral and benevolent Littimer (supposing such a thing possible) might be. The reviewer is compelled at the turn of every page to remark, "You are very young, sir!" or madam, as the case may be; but he has neither any unhallowed designs on the youth of the author nor any enmity to it. We are not of the class that Falstaff justly protested against; we do not hate this youth. But it is necessary to inform the reader and the writer of its existence. Taking Miss Constance MacEwen all in all, we should pronounce her to be the youngest novelist of our acquaintance. She is not merely too young and innocent to attend properly to the correction of her press, though youth and innocence and incuriousness are pushed in her case to the extremes of allowing a very well-known quotation from Mr. Matthew Arnold to appear as "in this sea of life enlisted," which is a novel and ingenious reading, and of the substitution of "Artemus" for "Artemis," which things are twain. The agreeable characteristics referred to display themselves everywhere, with the singular result that, according to a fly leaf as queerly printed as the book, one reviewer has discovered "mataphysics" in Miss MacEwen's former work, which is presumably not unlike her present, while another says that "some of her aphorisms are worthy of a place in a book of metaphysical [spelt correctly this time] dissertations." Artemus was certainly given to aphorisms, but we are not at present able to trace a nearer grace of congruity in the dictum. Nevertheless, if these oddities, and some others which we may take occasion to mention, were the only salient points in *Miss Beauchamp*, we certainly should not review it in the spirit which we have indicated, if indeed we reviewed it at all. A *libellus* of that character would have an entirely different fate.

Miss Beauchamp (the author explains that "a Philistine" is meant wholly sarcastic) is the heiress of a fine estate, which is mortgaged up to the hilt, or rather up to the pomel. Her ancestors, the author tells us, had always been odd, though the last of them, Sir Golf (why not Sir Cricket?) had confined his oddity to unbridled salmon-fishing. As he had been lucky enough to land an eighty-pound salmon in the Wye (apparently), he might fairly have said that he had not lived in vain. Diana Beauchamp, brought up in Italy, has practised elocution, and has the instincts of an *artiste*, according to Miss MacEwen, though, inasmuch as artist is an excellent English word, and of both genders, it is not clear to us why she does not use it. When she enters on her kingdom it is somewhat desolate. There are, it would seem, revenues enough left to her to suffice for the supply of fricasseed chicken and lobster salad at lunch for herself and her lady-housekeeper, which does not exactly argue (the lobster especially, as they live in the heart of the country) abject poverty. Miss Diana Beauchamp airs her eloquence on Mrs. Battle in a way which she shall hope is uncommon, as thus:—"From whence comes your unruffled calm, Mrs. Battle?" said Diana. "Occasionally it's instructive to dive beneath the exterior into the interior, to examine the roots of other natures. Let me examine yours. I've been one short week at the Court and each day Mrs. Battle has presented the same unvarying front. 'Tis not so with Nature. Each day, each moment she varies, the light creeping down the mountain sides," &c. &c. The prejudiced

reader might pronounce this to be ridiculous "talking book" in any case, and in the particular case of a superior to an inferior, with whom she is barely acquainted, remarkably bad taste. But he would forget that much must be expected from and forgiven to a young person with a natural gift for the platform and brought up in Italy. Diana, though she does talk book and has a very objectionable habit of addressing lumbering banter to her dependents, is a good girl and a generous. She determines to restore the patrimony of the Beauchamps by the exercise of her talents, facing, and indeed welcoming, the probability that the fact of her lineage and position will make the British snob run to see her. Her way of going to work is, however, mysterious. She addresses herself to a gentleman variously known as "Mr. Cantilupe" and "The Duca" (the latter from an Italian title, which he keeps *in petto*). This gentleman lives in London, has an Ethiopian servant, who is faintly reminiscent of Juba the Strangler in *A Strange Story*, and a Spanish dwarf named Diego, who hoards coins in kettles and teapots, plays with them at intervals, and is something like Pacolet. From his ways and occupations, as described by Miss MacEwen, Mr. Cantilupe may be said to be a cross between Mr. Sidonia, Margrave, and Madame Rachel. Mr. Cantilupe lifts up his eyes and loves Diana with that love which is his doom. But he proceeds in a manner which is at first strictly honourable. He contracts for her services during a certain time at the modest sum of thirty thousand pounds, paid down; and we need only remark, in passing, that we wish all *débütantes* such an *impresario*. But Diana has a neighbour in the country—Sir Blaise Panmure—whose estate is as flourishing as hers is out at elbows. Sir Blaise is converted from a life not by any means of vice, but of sport and trifling, by an accident; he becomes religious, and, having long avoided the face of woman, he is powerfully drawn to that of Diana Beauchamp. It is needless to say that this does not at all square with the designs of Mr. Cantilupe, who has to take much counsel with his familiar Diego, and on one occasion to join him in an interesting game, which consists in throwing sovereigns from a distance at the sides of the brass kettle and indenting it therewith. This game should become popular; but it is not every one who is the dwarf of a Mr. Cantilupe so as to possess the number of sovereigns requisite to keep it up merrily. At first the Duca thinks to break the match by insisting on his bond; but he discovers that Sir Blaise, who is an unconventional person, thinks not the least shame of his wife fulfilling her pledged word in a way which is in no way dishonourable. Thereupon Mr. Cantilupe and Diego take to *voies de fait* in a manner which we shall not further indicate, except to say that the use of the Irish Land Leaguer as a *diabolus ex machina* is scarcely justifiable. The *Saturday Review* will hardly be suspected of much kindness for the *diabolus* in question, but his blackness is of another kind than Miss MacEwen suggests.

The book is not ill provided with minor characters. Besides the already-mentioned Mrs. Battle—the name involves the taking in vain of Charles Lamb's visiting book, which we cannot praise—there is Mr. Bovin, Diana's lawyer, and his wife, who are meant to be very amusing indeed, and who, up to a certain point, do not deceive their author's intention. An after-dinner scene between the pair, where Mrs. Bovin ("dear soul!" as her husband calls her) wheedles, according to methods established and provided between them, a cheque out of her husband, is a very fair conjugal commonity and shows knowledge of human nature. Cecilia and Francisca Masters, daughters of one of Diana's county neighbours, with their mother, are hardly so good. It is a constant mistake of young novelists to make their characters caricature themselves. For instance, the feeblest of Cecilias in the present day, however much her head might have been turned by poets and poetry, would never, in a society composed only of her very unsympathizing mother and sister, say "How charming it would be to deck a barge with white samite and float about with bags of gold which the swans would carry to those who needed help." The tact of woman, even of the foolishlest woman, is almost unlimited in some respects, and to waste this on a mother and sister would be (except to a candidate already sure of her calling and election at Earlswood) impossible. In the same way, many of Francisca's speeches are impossible, most of Diana's, and nearly all of Mr. Cantilupe's. They all talk book, often very silly book, sometimes book not so silly, and occasionally book that is really rather clever, but book not talk. Sir Blaise Panmure, it is true, does not often talk book, but then he is almost, if not quite, the most shadowy character in the story.

It is probably this book-talking which our amiable critical brethren have mistaken in Miss MacEwen's former novel for what they are pleased to call, or the printer is pleased to call for them, mataphysics. It would appear that this is a term which is still used in certain circles when the speakers or writers wish to signify that the subject of their speech or writing is not absolutely thoughtless. Miss MacEwen certainly appears to have thought, though in a rather desultory and decidedly immature way, and it is because she has thought that we have considered her book worthy of notice. Her thought is even accompanied, as has been said, by a certain faculty of expression, but hitherto, it would seem, by nothing like a corresponding faculty of observation. We have nothing in particular to object to in *Miss Beauchamp*, either on the score of its story being decidedly improbable, or on the score of many of the circumstances being fantastic. Any capable novelist can make the improbable probable, and the fantastic, though a very difficult *genre*, is, when well done, rather more than less

\* *Miss Beauchamp, a Philistine*. By Constance MacEwen. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1883.



worth doing than are others. But, unless the novelist produces a fantasy-piece pure and simple, a *Tentation de Saint-Antoine* or a study of *Our Ladies of Sorrow*, observation, especially in matter of dialogue, must be the foundation and the coping-stone of his method. It is here that Miss MacEwen chiefly fails. Her characters, as has been said, do not talk as human beings talk. That they are in themselves somewhat things of shreds and patches, that they are too often reminiscent of other characters in other novels, that they work out what is, on the whole, a very insufficient and truncated plot, that their humour is dreadful, that, being young ladies, they occasionally talk of their lovers as "Clintock," *tout court*, although the fortunate being in question is neither a peer nor a town-clerk, and that their author is as neglectful of the very necessary adjunct of description as too many of her rivals are over-prodigious of it—are minor blemishes. The first and principal thing that Miss MacEwen has to learn is that, bad as it is for a novelist to talk at his readers in *propreid personâ*, it is almost worse for him to make his characters talk at them, in a fashion which, practised in real life, would bring a shrug to the shoulders of the less perfectly bred of their auditors and a lift to the eyebrows even of the most courteous. When she has learnt this, it is not at all improbable that she may write a good novel; for she seems to be destitute neither of invention nor of feeling, and she has an unquestionable faculty of devising promising, though at present rather crude, attempts at the maxim and the epigram.

#### EIGHT YEARS IN JAPAN.\*

THE title of this work very fairly describes its contents. It is not a book from which much about Japan or the Japanese is to be learned. It contains little or nothing about the political state of the country, or about the habits and customs of the people; it is, as it professes to be, merely the personal record of Mr. Holtham's life during the years specified. Most men after living for eight years in the out-of-the-way parts of a comparatively little known country would, no doubt, have much to relate of general as well as special interest. It is as impossible for the majority of men to confine their observations to the narrow sphere of their individual existence as it is for others—and we regret to be obliged to include Mr. Holtham among this number—to extend their mental vision beyond the very small circles of which they form the centres. But it behoves an author before he puts pen to paper to consider the wants of the public to which he appeals. Notwithstanding the fact that of late books on Japan have been unprecedentedly numerous, there yet remains much to be explained in the political and social conditions of the country. These one would naturally regard as the field of daily observation to a foreigner placed for years in the purely native parts of the empire; and for any new information concerning them there is always to be found a reading public. But such more generally interesting branches of his subject Mr. Holtham has deliberately exchanged for a purely personal narrative, and he must take the consequences. His personal friends will, no doubt, read with pleasure all he has to tell them; but to most people, with the exception of some few references to general topics, the work will not afford either much instruction or entertainment.

There is, however, one class to whom the book may be of use, and that is of those who may contemplate offering their services to the Japanese Government. Mr. Holtham was, as far as one can judge from his own account, a valuable and certainly a hard-working servant of the Government, and yet it was only because his services were imperatively demanded at the moment that the Government were induced to renew their first engagement with him; and towards the conclusion of the second term they seem to have had no scruple in making his work so irksome as to induce him to forgo seeking a renewal of his service. The system of employing foreigners on public works, and gradually supplanting them by natives as soon as these have been sufficiently educated to take their places, is both wise and intelligible, but the foreigner should be made thoroughly aware of the intentions of the Government on this point before being allowed to accept service under them. During three years, Mr. Holtham tells us, the number of foreign railway engineers was reduced from a hundred to less than forty, and it must be confessed that so far nothing has occurred of moment to suggest that the reduction was an unwise one. But the time has hardly yet come to put the change to the test. The railroads were newly completed and the lines freshly laid down. The real strain will come when the permanent way will require to be renewed, and when fresh lines will have to be constructed. It may then be doubted whether the native engineers who "walk about the line or shops with gloves on, in order not to be confounded with the coolies," and "who never condescend to lay a hand to anything," will be found equal to the occasion. Every one must sympathize with the Government in their endeavours to reduce the national expenditure; but the lavish waste which resulted from the construction of the first railways under predominating native influence should have opened the eyes of economists to the danger of entrusting such work to Japanese engineers. Mr. Holtham states that, when he first arrived in Japan, the only way known to the existing engineers "of passing a stream of water eighteen inches wide under the line was to build a couple

of walls that would have served for the abutments of a fifty-foot bridge, a foot and a half apart, and span the yawning gulf between them by means of beams sixteen inches square, of expensive timber, of sufficient length to leave about a dozen feet at each end buried in the embankment behind the masonry."

The difficulty of making the income of the State balance the expenditure is one which is always present with Japanese Chancellors of the Exchequer. The vessels of war which "Japan owes to the fears or ambition of the Government and the genius of Sir E. J. Reed" are a great drain on the national resources, to say nothing of the educational establishments and the vastly increased military equipments. To meet these outlays taxes had to be imposed, and as land formed the easiest prey to the tax-gatherer, the farmers were originally the chief sufferers whenever a new ironclad was bought or a new college opened. Up to a certain point the farmers submitted to the exaction; but in 1876 there were signs of a growing discontent among them which threatened to be dangerous. To avert this impending evil the members of the Government improvised an administrative crisis, and, reappearing in fresh parts, decreed a financial measure which, if there is such a thing as consistency in human nature, ought to be regarded as one of un-mixed wisdom by the members of our present Administration. The farmers were a large and a dangerously discontented class. It was necessary above all things, therefore, that they should be pacified. But this could only be done at the expense of the wealthy and comparatively small class of shizoku or samurai. The plan adopted in these circumstances was simple in the extreme; it took "the shape of a forced commutation of the pensions of the shizoku, who, instead of their regular incomes derived from the national revenue, had to take Government bonds in payment of a sum supposed, in each case, to represent the capitalized value of their incomes—capitalized, that is, at from five years, as applied to the largest incomes, to fourteen years' purchase as applied to the smallest. The bonds were to bear interest at five to seven per cent. (the usual commercial interest on loans in Japan being twelve per cent.), which thus represented the amount of the holders' pensions thenceforward, varying from one quarter to the full sum previously paid." If the wisdom and justice of the scheme are to be measured by its immediate success, it is quite plain that it was both wise and just. The shizoku submitted, the Land-tax was reduced from 3 to 2½ per cent., the farmers were appeased, and another "jishin," or political earthquake, as the Japanese call the periodical crises which disturb the Government, was averted.

Incidentally the author introduces us into some strange scenes of Japanese social life, and perhaps the most curious of these is one which is peculiarly illustrative of the present desire of the official classes to see social reforms "executed to order." Having extinguished by the legislation above referred to, and by other measures, the practical distinction between the upper and middle classes, an attempt was made in 1879 to remove the social barriers which, among the wreck of all other privileges, still stood between the high and the low. As a first step towards breaking down these last remaining relics of a bygone system, a grand entertainment was given at the Tokio Prefecture, at which Imperial Princes, Japanese statesmen, and foreign Ministers were expected to fraternize with representatives of the commercial circles of the capital. But the organizers of the movement found that it was easier to confiscate the property of the upper classes than to abate their prejudices, and the attempt failed. The entertainment itself was "simply a bear-garden, and," adds the author, who was present, "I believe I was not alone in thinking that the barriers might with advantage be raised again to some extent." There yet remains so much to be done in the direction of levelling up the condition of the poorer classes in the country that one is surprised to find responsible statesmen engaged in a sentimental attempt to bring about a superficial equality between the highest and middle classes. While railways, telegraphs, and coaches traverse the highways of the Empire, there are still to be seen in the lanes and byways heavily-laden jinrikshas, drawn over hill and dale by women; and, though in the larger cities in Central Japan sanitary arrangements are tolerably well carried out, the condition of such out-of-the-way places as Tokitsu, Sosogi, and Takahashi, on the road between Nagasaki and Kobe, is unspeakably filthy. In fact, the author practically reiterates the assertion of Miss Bird, that there are in reality two Japans—one, the central part of the country, where reforms have been carried out, and where everything is made smooth for the inspection of European travellers; and the other, the purely native parts, where foreign institutions are unknown, and where dirt and ignorance are allowed to flourish unchecked. In one respect Japan is in advance of the rest of the world. She can boast of possessing almost the only Seismological Society in existence. But this is rather the result of an imperative necessity than in satisfaction of a scientific want, for nowhere are the foundations of the earth more frequently and dangerously shaken than in Japan. Few months pass without the occurrence of shocks of greater or less intensity; and so persistent are they that it has even been found necessary to construct the lighthouses which have been recently erected on the coast on a special system, by which, whatever may be the oscillation of the buildings, the lights should always remain stationary. In the towns and villages also the people have been driven to practise a regular earthquake drill. "At the first agitation they rush out of doors, if their houses are open as in summer; but, if it is the cold season, or the houses are closed for the night, each

\* *Eight Years in Japan, 1873-1881: Work, Travel, and Recreation.* By E. G. Holtham. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

man, woman, or child of sufficient size to act independently seizes one leaf of the shutters that slide in grooves on the edges of the verandah, lifts it tray-wise on to the head, as a protection from falling tiles or debris, and so, gaining the nearest open space, lays it down on the ground and sits on the middle of it, to minimize the liability to fall into cracks or rents in the earth's surface. The sudden galvanizing into life of a sleeping village is a very funny sight, resembling a pantomime trick in its conception and execution." Fires are another frequent source of danger, both to life and property, in Japan. The author, in describing one of the many conflagrations which have of late years desolated Tokiyo, states that in a few hours eleven thousand houses were destroyed and fifty thousand people rendered homeless.

We have said enough to show that there is matter of interest in Mr. Holtham's work; and those who read the book for themselves will find that he can, when he chooses, describe the results of his observations with clearness and simplicity. Unfortunately, however, both his matter and manner are too often flippant, and bear the impress of having been modelled in imitation of the style peculiar to some modern American humourists. The extraordinary variety and beauty of Japanese scenery, the strange manners and customs of the people, the unparalleled rapidity of the changes which are transforming the social, political, and religious life of the nation, and the archaeological remains which are to be found in the country, are subjects of great and abiding interest; and about them it might reasonably be expected that Mr. Holtham would have much to say, judging from the exceptional opportunities he enjoyed for travel and observation. But, with the exception of occasional references, he prefers rather to relate trivial personal experiences than to enlarge on such topics, and he makes the mistake of exchanging a simple descriptive style for jocular mannerisms.

#### TWO BOOKS ON ANGLING.\*

THE saddest moment in the angler's year is that in which he makes his last cast for the season and prepares to take down his rod for the last time. He has fished far into the early September twilight, and for half an hour has only guessed at a rise by the sound of the splash and the tug at the rod in his hand. The day has probably not been a good one, for the September frosts and the fallen leaves floating down the stream combine to make fish, yellow-trout or sea-trout, averse to rise. The end has manifestly come; it is time to say farewell to one's creel. "Adieu paniers, vendange est fait." There is nothing for it but to reel up and go home, and occasionally turn over an angling book, old or new, in the winter evenings. Two such volumes are before us; one shows us, in sweet and simple old verse, how our fathers went a-fishing in 1613, the other (by Mr. Roscoe) instructs the tourist as to foreign streams where a rod may be of service. *Seniores priores*. We turn first to J. D., Esquire, who wrote *The Secrets of Angling*, and whose little tract has been excellently well edited by Mr. Westwood. The first edition (1613) of *The Secrets of Angling* was a pocket duodecimo. Why did not Mr. Satchell give us a facsimile of the small rare volume in place of the neat little quarto in which J. D.'s verses are reproduced? The allegorical woodcut of the title-page might also have been reproduced, for these things make up the character of a book. The original *Secrets of Angling* is so scarce that only three complete copies are certainly known, and there is but one known copy of the second edition. From the title-page of this book the cruel binder's shears have cut away the date. There are other rare editions of 1630 and 1652; and we would gladly know the meaning of the bookseller's emblem of the latter date, "the Hare and Sun." The Hare and the Moon are common allies or enemies in Aztec, Indo-Aryan, German, Zulu, and Hottentot legend, but what has the Sun to do with the Hare?

*The Secrets of Angling* has been attributed to various bards with the initials J. D., but the Registers of the Stationers' Company have set the question at rest. The author was John Denny, and Mr. Westwood thinks he was buried at Pucklechurch in 1609, four years before his poem came out. Mr. Westwood also recognizes the verses done into practical prose, in "The Pleasures of Princes, Good Men's Recreations," which, by the way, include the noble sport of cock-fighting. After this bibliographical introduction we may turn to the poem itself, which Mr. Goldsmid proposes to reprint again in his "Bibliotheca Curiosa." Jackson, the original publisher of the *Secrets* (which he dedicates, not without suspicion of a pun, to Mr. Harborne of *Tackley*), maintains that angling is little "subject to choler or impatience." Perhaps Jackson never was caught up with fine tackle in a dozen successive hazel-bushes, and never had an inexpert gillie making feeble dabs with a landing-net at a salmon. In such cases the angler is "subject to choler and impatience." But J. D.'s pretty invocations of the nymphs and goddesses of fishing should put choler out of our minds:—

You Nymphs that in the Springs and Waters sweet,  
Your dwelling haue, of euery Hill and Dale,  
And oft amidst the Meadows Greene doe meet  
To sport and play, and heare the Nightingale;

\* *The Secrets of Angling*. By J[ohn] D[enny], Esq. 1613. A Reprint, with Introduction by Thomas Westwood. London: Satchell. 1883.

*Rambles with a Fishing-Rod*. By E. J. Roscoe. London: Blackwood & Co. 1883.

And in the Riuer fresh doe wash your feet,  
While *Progne* sister tels her wofull tale:  
Such ayde and power vnto my veras lend,  
As may suffice this little worke to end.

And thou sweet *Boyd* that with thy watry away,  
Dost wash the cliffs of *Deington* and of *Weeke*;  
And through their *Rockes* with crooked winding way,  
Thy mother *Auon* runnest soft to seeke:  
In whose fayre streames the speckled *Trout* doth play,  
The *Ruche*, the *Dace*, the *Gudgin*, and the *Bleeke*.  
Teach me the skill with slender Line and Hooke  
To take each Fish of Riuer, Pond, and Brooke.

Then J. D. teaches us when to cut our "wands," as the Scotch still call fishing-rods. The angler of Shakspeare's time had no polished greenheart, no brass rings, not even a reel, but he went "into some great Arcadian wood, where store of ancient Hazels do abound." There he cut him a "pole," and he left the bark on, trimmed the twigs, and laid his rod to season on the floor of the garret. The line was twisted from the tail hairs "of some lusty horse or coursier free," and was "intermixt with silver, silke, or gold." The "Linke" or collar was also of horsehair, fine and "of greyest hue." In hooks, J. D. was all for a round bend—not the Limerick pattern. In place of that then unknown machine, a reel, he recommends

A little Boord, the lightest you can finde,  
But not so thin that it will breake or bend;  
Of *Cypres* sweet, or of some other kinde,  
That like a *Trenchor* shall itselfe extend:  
Made smooth and plaine, your Lines thereon to winde,  
With Battlements at euery other end:  
Like to the Bulwarke of some ancient Towne  
As well-wald *Sylchester* now razed downe.

Worms for bait J. D. carried in a shoe, of all things, and he enumerates a crowd of useful minor matters—a file, a knife, a bit of string, and a landing-net—

A little net that on a pole shall stand  
The mighty Pike or heavy Carpe to Land.

As for dress, you must of course wear russet or grey, and especially avoid "Skarlet" and the "rich cloth of Ray," also "colours dipped in fresh Assyrian dye," and "tender silkes of Purple, Paule, or gold," in which, but for this advice, a man would be likely to go fishing. The "youthfull Gallant" will object, J. D. thinks, that a pastime which demands russet clothes is "not for a gentleman," but the "youthfull Gallant" is easily answered on this score, and J. D. bursts out into a panegyric on his amusement:—

O let me rather on the pleasant Brinke  
Of *Tyne* and *Trent* possesse some dwelling-place;  
Where I may see my Quill and Corke downe sinke,  
With eager bit of *Barbill*, *Bleike*, or *Dace*;  
And on the World and his Creator thinke,  
While they proud *Thais* painted sheat embrace.  
And with the fume of strong *Tobacco*'s smoke,  
All quaffing round are ready for to choke.

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,  
And on their pleasing fancies feede their fill;  
So I the Fields and Meadows Greene may view,  
And by the Riuer fresh may walke at will,  
Among the *Dayzes* and the *Violets* blew:  
Red *Hyacinth* and yealow *Daffadill*,  
Purple *Narcissus*, like the morning rayes,  
Pale *Ganderglas* and azour *Culuerkayes*.

*Flumina amem silvasque inglorius*, that was the wise motto of J. D., who regrets the untaught eagerness with which fishes fed in Saturn's golden reign.

Even in his time some rivers were a good deal too much fished:—

Marke the Anglers how they march in ranke,  
Some out of Bristol, some from healthful Bath,  
How all the rivers sides along they flanke,  
And through the meadows make their wonted path.

Angling, then, was a popular sport in J. D.'s time. In our own the pastime is very much too popular. One could spend the whole summer day between Clovenfords and Yain, twenty years ago, and never see a rival. Now every pool and stream has two or three Galashiels men whipping it, "wading where they ought to cast, and casting where they ought to wade." We have quoted very freely from J. D., and can only enumerate briefly the qualities of an angler as described by him. First the fisher must have faith like that of the Patriarchs:—

That whereas waters, brookes, and lakes are found,  
There store of Fish without all doubt abound.

Next, he must have hope, his very mainspring; then—

Love and liking to the game,  
And to his friend and neighbour dwelling nigh;

then patience (of course), humility, courage, liberality, knowledge (of the ways of fishes), placability, "contented with a reasonable dish," power of fasting, and memory, so as not to leave his fly-book at home. As for the best times of day to fish, they are thus set forth with perfect exactness:—

From first appearing of the rising Sunne,  
Till nine of clocke low vnder water best  
The Fish will bite, and then from nine to noone,  
From noone to foure they doe refraine and rest,  
From foure againe till *Phabus* swift hath runne,  
His daily course, and setteth in the West:  
But at the flie aloft they vse to bite,  
All summer long from nine till it be night.

So farewell John Denny, a good angler, and not a bad poet, "now with God," as Walton writes, with his happy and resigned faith.



Mr. Roscoe, a modern disciple, has wandered far and wide with his rod, has spied out many lands, and has been "contented with a reasonable dish." He has tried the mountain streams of the Tyrol and caught grayling therein, finding that the local fishers (like Ælian's Macedonians) chiefly used large rough red hackles. The Mitter See yielded some more than respectable grayling in September, and St. Valentine offers an inn where "life may be lived" moderately well. The pike-fishing at Schluch See in the Black Forest we have tried, and found it better than no fishing at all. It is a pity that so pretty a loch as the Schluch See should not contain trout. The pike come gallantly at a spoon. The inn secured a large and very curious tub just before the war in 1870. Doubtless the tub is still shown to German visitors. The "Baden contingent" of unpleasant insects was large and lively. We suppose there are a few big trout which have outlived the attacks of pike in the lake, as it is fed by small trout streams. In the neighbouring Althlup you can get fair-sized trout with a bait hook and a grass-hopper. The water is too narrow for fly-fishing. In Connemara, as Mr. Roscoe found, like the rest of us, "a fisherman may come for a week's fishing, pay a good deal for his rod, not a little to boatmen, and something probably for boat-hire, and have bright dry weather, and absolutely get no sport at all." That sort of luck is not peculiar to Connemara. Nor is every one so fortunate as Mr. Black, who in bright still weather gets a salmon (see the "Supernatural Experiences of Patsy Cong," in the *English Illustrated Magazine*) with a phantom minnow. Was it a phantom salmon, and was it Mr. Black who had a "supernatural experience"? However, Connemara has good brown and good white trout-fishing when the weather suits in May or June. Gaudy flies do not answer well on the lochs; grouse-wing and claret-body is a favourite. Mr. Roscoe hesitates between a one-handed and a double-handed rod. Our laziness adopts the former, our reason approves the latter; for, if you do get hold of a three or four-pound fish with a light rod, you may lose him, and you certainly will waste time in bringing him to reason. Moreover, with a light rod you can scarcely cast to a sufficient distance beyond the oars. When the breeze is very faint, the tackle should be very fine, even when there is an off-chance of a salmon. A good day of Mr. Roscoe's was thirty trout, of which three weighed six pounds and a half. Mr. Roscoe is an enthusiast for sea-trout fishing—the best, to our mind, of any, when there is a high wind (not from the north) and the big fish plash up in the hollows of the dark waves, and perhaps two rods (if you have a companion) are bending at the same moment beneath the weight of two three-pounders. Then are the lines likely to be entangled, as you steer your fish from the stern or the bows, whereby the excitement is wrought up to a great height. In the Iton, in Normandy, Mr. Roscoe got some trout, but had trouble with peasant proprietors. In France, he says, you scarcely ever see artificial flies for sale; indeed the French are a race of bottom-fishers, like most foreigners. Davos, which Mr. Roscoe has explored, seems a place for an angler to avoid. There are a few trout, but they rise very shy, because there is only wind in cold stormy weather, when trout are indolent. A little may be done by trolling, and even one or two trout in a desolate "health-resort" are better than nothing, and remind you of better days and better places. If a man must go to Davos, then, he had better take a rod and some Devonshire and phantom minnows. Flies seem of little avail. Mr. Roscoe's general advice to the Continental angler is excellent, and his unpretending little book is capital reading in this winter of an angler's discontent.

#### THE LEOFRIC MISSAL.\*

MR. WARREN has put all English ritualists, in the old sense of the word, under heavy obligations. It is very satisfactory to find him studying Anglo-Saxon manuscripts; for his Celtic researches, interesting as they are, do not appeal to so wide a circle of readers, as an account, such as we have in the preface to this book, of the beginnings of the English Use. The *Leofric Missal*—although the fact is unaccountably omitted from the title-page—is in the Bodleian Library, but was given to the Church at Exeter by its first bishop, for whom it was written, the greater part apparently not in England, but in Lotharingia, from which country Leofric came about the middle of the eleventh century. Only three missals known to have been in use in the English Church before the Conquest now survive. One, which belonged to Robert of Jumièges, Archbishop of Canterbury, from 1050 to 1052, is now in the public library of Rouen. The second, the "Rede Boke of Darbye," is in the library of Corpus Christi College at Cambridge. The *Leofric Missal* is the third. A fourth, not now to be found, was in a library at Cologne in 1599. Leofric bequeathed his book to Exeter Cathedral, where it remained till 1602, when Sir Thomas Bodley, himself a native of Exeter, persuaded the Dean and Chapter to give it, with eighty other manuscripts, to the Oxford library which bears his name. Early manuscripts of this kind are extremely rare; and, as Mr. Warren points out, no example of the so-called Gregorian Sacramentary, or the Gregorian Canon, is known to exist of an older date than the time of Charlemagne; whilst all the important extant codices which have been printed or collated were written, not in Italy, but in those countries north of the Alps which are now united into modern France. The Emperor abolished the older French

ritual, and, under the fostering care of Aleuin, his English chaplain, promoted the writing of immense numbers of copies of the Roman liturgy which he preferred; but the *Leofric Missal*, like many of those written for French churches, contains a number of the triple episcopal benedictions, which were peculiar to the Northern and English liturgies, and which do not occur in the Roman use, but were probably derived from the old Gallican liturgies. Sometimes these forms are in separate volumes, and all students are familiar with the famous *Benedictional* of St. Ethelwold, which belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and is the finest of the few Anglo-Saxon illuminated manuscripts known to exist, having been written with miniatures of great magnificence by Godemann, Abbot of Thorney, a contemporary of Archbishop Dunstan.

On a careful examination of the *Leofric* manuscript Mr. Warren finds it to have consisted of three different sets of leaves, some of them lost and some misplaced by the careless destructiveness of the arch enemy of books—an inept binder. Mr. Warren distinguishes them as A. B. and C. The first nine folios belong to the C. division. Then comes a leaf of A., and two others are isolated a little further on. Then we have a long list of B. leaves, and at the sixtieth reach the Canon of the Mass and the main body of A. leaves. The three divisions are briefly described as—first, a Gregorian Sacramentary, written, as Mr. Warren believes, in Lotharingia; secondly, an Anglo-Saxon Kalendar, with Paschal Tables, written in England; and, thirdly, a heterogeneous collection of masses, manumissions, and historical statements, written in England, partly in the tenth and partly in the eleventh centuries. There can be little doubt that Leofric brought A. with him from Lotharingia, where he may have been born, and was certainly educated. It seems likely that, though long resident abroad, he was of English parentage; and Leofric was, apparently, the fashionable English name in the tenth century. In 1042, when Edward the Confessor came home to assume the crown left by his Danish stepbrother, Leofric must have accompanied him, as immediately afterwards he is described as "King's priest." It is with a strong feeling of pleasure that an archæologist hunts up the scattered notices of such a career as that of Leofric; but, like all such researches, the result is not of much general interest. No one who has not conducted such inquiries in the spirit of a sportsman knows how absorbing they become. The result of a long day in the fields may be a little bird or a rabbit, though there has been keen enjoyment in the pursuit; and the antiquarian hunter spends weeks, months, perhaps years, in a pursuit from which he brings home only a result so small that it is practically negative. Mr. Hessels in his search for existing evidences of the life and labours of Gutenberg offered us lately a case in point; and Mr. Warren, with all his knowledge and experience of this kind of work, tells us after all very little, because, in truth, he can find out very little about Leofric, except that he was made Bishop of Crediton in 1046, and that, when the pirates rendered Crediton unsafe, he obtained from the Pope leave to remove his seat to the greater security of the valley of the Exe, and thus became the first Bishop of Exeter. There are notes of his gifts to his church in this Missal, and mention is made of his activity in teaching, in preaching, and in restoring churches (there was no Society for the protection of ancient buildings in those days), and Bishop Leofric, to judge only by the number of his books and their character, was a learned man among his contemporaries. The list is in an Evangelium which once belonged to him, and is now, like the Missal, in the Bodleian. It is interesting to see what an episcopal library consisted of in those days. Besides service-books we read of a Martyrology, an English "Christ's Book," a "full spell book of Winter and Summer," or book of homilies, a Boethius in English, "one great English book on various subjects, composed in verse"; and, in Latin, the Pastoral of St. Gregory, "liber dialogorum," Boethius "De Consolatione," the hymns of Prudentius, the "Diadema Monachorum" of Smaragdus, books of Bede, Isidore, Persius, Sedulius, Statius, and many more, some of which can now be identified in the Bodleian. Sixty-one manuscripts, in all, are enumerated—a very respectable collection to exist in a single private library before the Conquest.

To the English reader the divisions of the *Leofric Missal* marked by the letters B. and C. are the most interesting, as having been written in England; besides which, the Kalendar is ornamented with drawings in colour, of which Mr. Warren gives us some outline copies. They are of the wonderfully advanced type of the *Benedictional* of Ethelwold, but slighter and less elaborately finished. The Kalendar itself is interesting as giving a clue to the age and place to be assigned to "Leofric B." Mr. Warren has analysed the lists of festivals very carefully, and finds that the latest saint mentioned is Boniface, Archbishop of Mainz, who died in 755. Among the notable omissions are St. Joseph, St. Barnabas, St. Mary Magdalene, the venerable Bede, and, above all, St. Swithun, for whom, as a rule, three festivals were appointed. Nevertheless the character of "Leofric B." is distinctly English, and Mr. Warren further localizes it by showing the probability that it was written at Glastonbury.

The third part of the book consists, as we have said, of a large quantity of miscellaneous matter, chiefly liturgical. Nearly thirty different handwritings may be distinguished, most of them thoroughly English in character; but this part of the MS. is certainly later in places than "Leofric A." Mr. Warren gives a curious "benediction for a childless king," which must refer to Edward the Confessor. But the historical notes are the most interesting. The manumissions are on three pages, and have all been

\* The *Leofric Missal*. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. E. Warren. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1883.

printed already; but Mr. Warren, justly observing that they are in works not very accessible, gives them in full. The slave to be freed was taken to the church altar, or to a spot where four roads met, in accordance with the law, "Si quis velit servum suum liberum facere . . . ostendat ei liberas vias et portas." Ordgar of Bradston lay sick, and, in accordance doubtless with a vow, he frees ten serfs, and the deed is witnessed by two priests besides "Ælfric, the priest who wrote this writing," of whom nothing else is known. The names of the bondsmen are interesting. There is Cynsie, Godchild, Leofric, Small, Wisman, Ribrost, White, beside others more distinctly Saxon. One mass priest is Brown, and he is cited several times. "Eadgifu freed Ælfgyth, the daughter of Birhsie, loaf distributor, at Borslea, at four cross roads." Loaf distributor is explained by Mr. Warren as "steward," and mention has been found in other documents of "berebittus," or beer distributor. Mr. Warren assigns the date 970 to most of these manumissions, identifying Ordgar with the alderman of Devonshire, who died in 971. His daughter Elfrida was the second wife of King Edgar. This is the lady so well known to both romance and history. Her brother Ordulf was a giant, and is called Duke of Cornwall; he is stated to have carried away the gates of Exeter, as Samson carried the gates of Gaza. Mr. Warren plausibly suggests that Eadgifu was the wife of Ordgar. Other interesting documents may be briefly noticed. One describes a Synod held on the receipt of a letter from Pope Formosus in 905, in which complaint is made of the fewness of the West-Saxon bishops. Seven bishops were accordingly consecrated together. The names of the bishops and their sees are given. They are somewhat differently given by Mr. Stubbs in his *Episcopal Succession in England*; but this entry does not resolve the doubts he has expressed as to the chronology of the Synod, which he places in 909, and as to the identity of some of the bishops; for the date 905 is nine years after the death of Pope Formosus, and the whole story is thereby discredited. The entry must have been made long after the supposed occurrence of the Synod. An account of the transfer of the see from Crediton to Exeter which follows is more authentic. Mr. Warren sums up a long, but not too long, introduction by showing some of the peculiarities of the manuscript and of the services to which it relates, and remarks that there is much beauty in many of the benedictions and collects, which he hopes may be borrowed for use, or at least may serve as models of composition whenever from time to time devotions for special occasions are put forth by authority in the Church of England. He specially calls attention to one or two, and this specimen of a collect may be quoted as referring to the first Bishop of London:—"Lætificet nos, quesumus, mellita beati Melliti pontificis oratio, cuius festa celebrantes melliflua tue gratiæ repleat dulcedo."

#### THE YOUNG ZEMINDAR.\*

ALTHOUGH this tale professes to record the events, manners, and customs of Lower Bengal and divers episodes in other parts of India, some half a century ago, there is much that is perfectly applicable to the present day. Hitherto, by Anglo-Indian writers the scene of their novel has been laid somewhere in Upper India, on the North-West Frontier, or in the Doab; and Meadows Taylor has shown more than once what can be made out of the rough materials afforded by the Central and Southern Provinces. There life is more varied and animated; the peasant, the sepoy, the swashbuckler, the priest, and the Thug can be made to fit in more happily and artistically with the groundwork of Mahomedan supremacy or Mahratta adventure. Yet we have on our shelves a two-volume novel, published fifty years ago, entitled *The Baboo*, which treats exclusively of Bengal and the Bengalis under the East India Company's rule; and the author of the work before us, though he has selected for his scenery the most peaceful province and the least warlike of the races which make up what flowing orators are pleased gravely to denominate "the Indian people," has managed to construct a fairly readable story out of the fates and fortunes of a Bengal Zemindar. To avoid using many native terms was impossible, though Mr. Rowney has wisely kept clear of the jungle of tenures and sub-infeudations, and has confined himself to an Orientalism not beyond the research of the average student. Here and there the orthography might challenge criticism; and, though we have little fault to find with most of the English equivalents for native terms of religious and social significance, some expressions are not translated at all and might puzzle a reader anxious to know what Bengal was like in the days of his fathers, or a junior civilian who had not yet passed the second standard. A Sanskrit verse, as quoted by a Sunnysai, would be a shock to the Boden Professor, though this is in perfect keeping with the attainments of the speaker. Sanskrit *stokes* or couplets are constantly quoted in discussions by Hindus, whose knowledge of the learned language equals that of Latin by an ignorant monk. But no translation is given of such words and phrases as *Ashirvad*, blessing; *Achar* and *Byabahr*, custom and conversation; *chandan*, sandal-wood; *Bhikshu*, a religious mendicant; *goolmal*, a row or free fight; *gantri*, a bundle; *nuthee*, the file of papers in a lawsuit; and *pranam*, a formal salutation, to which is usually added the epithet "eight-limbed," meaning that the

suppliant makes inclinations with eight parts of his body, elbows, shoulders, knees, and reins. *Asoochi* is rather the time of impurity on the part of survivors after a death in the family than the period of mourning; and by no tribal custom or combination of circumstances could any Brahman be ever "named" Buckshee. A Hindu might take this as a title or appendix to his own name, because he himself or one of his ancestors had, at some time, filled the appointment of "paymaster" under English or Mahomedan rule. The word is pure Persian. Such words as moor, heather, and gorse are wholly inappropriate in any part of India. Scrub jungle, or plains covered with grass, or uplands denuded of wood, are doubtless what is meant by these descriptive terms.

The story begins with the abortive rising in Baraset, formerly a district by itself but now a part of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, a few miles to the east of Calcutta, on the part of the sect of Ferazi Mahomedans, headed by a fanatic called Titu Mir. Sepoys had to be sent out to quell an *emeute* which proved too much for the magistrate and the ordinary police. The successor of Titu Mir, a certain Dudhu Miyan, subsequently, we may add, proved a source of anxiety for years to the authorities of the districts of Fureedpore and Backergunje; and during the Mutiny of 1857 it was found expedient to detain this personage as a political prisoner, under an old and useful law of 1818, which empowered the Governor-General to send to Chunar or other suitable prison, without conviction, trial, or even arraignment, any person who, when at large, might be injurious to the first ends for which all good government exists. And this was done to the great benefit of the whole community, *pace* all platforms, appeals to Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus, and spouting orators of whatsoever attainments, colour, or creed. For the purposes of his story, the author introduces us to a young Hindu Zemindar named Monahur Rai, who had succeeded to an estate called Bona Ghat, in the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, a metropolitan and not very picturesque district of the country. This youth is foolishly won over by the adherents of Titu Mir to help the insurgents with money and prestige, anticipating those Hindus of influence and position who were induced in 1857 to make common cause with Sepoys and Mussulmans who had never forgotten that they were once the rulers of India. The Ferazi rebellion put down, there was nothing left for Monahur but to leave the ancestral estate, and the young Zemindar is unlucky or silly enough to become implicated in the rising of the Lurka Coles, aborigines who inhabit the rocky and jungly country to the west of Bengal. The suppression of this revolt and the capture of a fort involve further wanderings, attended with considerable discomfort and some risk. It strikes us that the author, seeing the impossibility of elevating a Bengali Zemindar into the rank of a local or tribal hero, has bethought himself of imparting some life and animation to the novel by describing visits to shrines and noted towns in Upper India, and by giving illustrations of native life and manners. In this he has been very fairly successful. The young Zemindar and his guide and preceptor the Sunnysai, visit Poori or Jagannath, and explore the Chilka lake on the shores of the Bay of Bengal. They go on to Benares and Ayodhya near Faizabad, and Gaya, paying a visit to Deogurh, a temple on the borders of Beerbhoom and Bhagulpore, by the way. They come in for a good sound Mahomedan row at Patna during the Mohurram; and, barring the death of Monahur's mother who pines away in her son's absence, the whole ends happily by the return of the truant to the home and estate of his fathers, and by his marriage to a Hindu girl named Madhavi, under more of mutual affection and spontaneous choice than we should be inclined to attribute to most Hindu bridegrooms and brides. Marriages, it is well known, in Bengal are constantly made up by *Ghuttuks* or professional match-makers, who go the round of the country in search of suitable parties; the suitability, of course, being dependent on caste, position, wealth, and dower. Many a young Hindu woman has never seen the face of her future husband until the whole thing has been settled between the match-makers and the parents. The narrative is also enlivened and diversified by various philosophical and religious discussions, by legends of gods and demons, and by criticisms on the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. There are also comparisons between the merits of English and native rule, and a short sketch of the claimant to the splendid property known as the Burdwan Raj. This audacious individual, after behaving much as Arthur Orton and other pretenders have done, after dividing Lower Bengal into two opposite factions persuaded respectively of the truth and falsehood of the claim, after exercising the police and perplexing the authorities, eventually was punished with fine and six months' imprisonment, a sentence by no means adequate to the enormity of his crime. But in those days there was no Penal Code, and the criminal law was administered with culpable laxity.

Our verdict on the whole production must be that, if not striking in its plot or original in its conception, the tale may fairly claim attention on the part of those who wish to know more about India than can be gathered from the Monday contributions of the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*, or from contradictory opinions as to the merits and necessity of the Ilbert Bill. The author, we should say, has seen a good deal of various parts of India, and has acquired and put his knowledge together in a workmanlike way. No one character is wholly impossible on the score of virtue or vice. Some of the pleasant traits of the natives are fairly brought out; many of the events in village and social life—the burglary, the quarrel between two schoolboys, crimes and their concealment, the Dhatura poisoning, the inundation of 1833 with its consequences of fever and famine, the disputes between

\* *The Young Zemindar, his erratic Wanderings and eventual Return; being a Record of Life, Manners, and Events in Bengal of between forty and fifty years ago.* By Horatio Bickerstaff Rowney, Author of "The Wild Tribes of India" &c. 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1883.



the Ryots and the indigo planters—are either founded on actual fact, or may very well have happened according to the strictest canons of literary probability.

The moral which we should draw from the tale is, not that natives have been radically changed by a century of English rule or Anglo-Saxon veneer, or that they are fitted for unlimited self-government, municipal reforms without supervision, or high office, merely because some hundreds of scholars have been turned out from colleges and universities who can talk and write in a correct, though somewhat pompous and inflated, English style. Some sound progress has, no doubt, been made since Lord William Bentinck, who annexed Coorg and put down the Ferazis, turned his attention to internal reforms and first placed any native in a position of some responsibility and fair pay. But native advancement will be more sound and steady, and less liable to unpleasant interruption, while the necessary English supremacy will be less offensively proclaimed, if the non-official portion of the British community be maintained in its just and reasonable privileges and exemptions, and if the officials are not deprived of one-half of their powers for good, by surrendering hospitals and dispensaries, roads, bridges, and ferries, sanitary measures and vaccination, the health of the body and the improvement of the mind, to uncontrolled natives, who, unlike the defenders of Lucknow in the Laureate's recent poem, never taught themselves or their fellows to shoulder a musket or stoop to a spade.

#### INTERNATIONAL CRITICISM.\*

IT is natural that the increased intercourse between the various countries of the world should find expression in literature. Between this country and the United States, in particular, there has been going on of late years a cross-fire of criticism, much of it friendly and appreciative, some of it the reverse. A good deal of it at least deserves to be classed as literature, even if much must be put down to the mere desire of book-making. Two volumes, one giving an Englishman's estimate of America, the other an American's estimate of England, which do not, strictly speaking, fall under either category, have lately come under our notice. The one, *Our American Cousins*, by Mr. W. E. Adams, consists of letters originally written to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*; and, in their simplicity, fairness, and popular character, are just what communications of this kind should be. They are also sufficiently above the common level of such correspondence to make it worth while to republish them in a more permanent form; and for a popular, but not superficial, sketch of American life Mr. Adams's book is in every way to be commended. The other book of which we speak is entitled *Mr. Washington Adams in England*, and is the production of Mr. Richard Grant White. It is in the form of a novel, and seems intended to convey to Americans the impression that Englishmen are all completely imbecile, and to Englishmen the admonition that they are totally ignorant of America and Americans. The air of authority with which the writer imparts to his countrymen the information which he has gathered about English society, and especially about the upper classes of it, reminds us of nothing so much as of General Choke demonstrating to Martin Chuzzlewit that the Queen lives in the Tower of London. "Your Tower of London, sir, is nat'rally your royal residence. Being located in the immediate neighbourhood of your Parks, your Drives, your Triumphant Arches, your Opera, and your Royal Almshouses, it nat'rally suggests itself as the place for holding a luxurious and thoughtless Court. And consequently," said the General, "the Court is held there."

The story opens by introducing us to two New Englanders travelling on an English railroad. The one is supposed to be the narrator of the story; the other is a Mr. Humphreys, *alias* Mr. Washington Adams. Into the same compartment enters an English nobleman, represented as a very favourable specimen of his class. "I beg your pardon," he says, "but would you kindly tell me if this is a fast train." To which Humphreys answers, in a "sweet rich voice," that he cannot tell, being a stranger and an American. On this a conversation ensues, in which the total ignorance of the Englishman and the ready and triumphant wit of the American are set forth at length. The latter tells the former that if he were to come to Boston he would be taken for a Yankee, "except by those whose quick ears detected some slight John-Bullish inflections in your voice, or whose quick eyes discovered some kindred and equally slight peculiarities of manner." The truth of the matter is that a well-bred New Englander and a well-bred Englishman are perfectly distinguishable from one another in five minutes' conversation; there are differences in the manners and breeding of the two, and the most patriotic Englishman cannot say that the differences are by any means always in favour of his own countrymen. But the differences, such as they are, are patent to anybody who has eyes and ears at all. A long dialogue follows, in which Humphreys proves to the Englishman the pure English blood of certain parts of America, and his interlocutor is credited with a docility and lamb-like meekness not often to be found in the majority of Englishmen when persistently snubbed by a foreign prig. New Orleans, where Washington defeated the English, and Cincinnati (*sic*), near Chicago, are said

by the nobleman in question to be two or three hundred miles from Boston. On this, as on most other points, he is put right by the omniscient Humphreys, the author taking occasion to observe in a footnote that well-bred Englishmen habitually pronounce the word "shooting" as "shootin'," and, in general, drop the final "g" in all such words. However, the Englishman hospitably asks his instructor to his house before leaving the train, and from the conversation which follows between the two Americans it is clear that Mr. Humphreys, and the author, it would also seem, who represents him as the type of a well-bred American, are both exceedingly irate at the want of knowledge of American things which they attribute to Europeans. Perhaps, instead of using the word "irate," it would be better to say that they seem to be living in a state of sulky excommunication due to the fact that they do not find themselves objects of as much interest as they think themselves entitled to. The two American friends now part company, Mr. Humphreys tells his friend that, instead of going to visit the English nobleman himself, he will send one Mr. Washington Adams in his place; and, after saying all the ill-natured things he can of the English family with whom his friend is going to spend a few days, he vanishes for a season from the scene.

The action is now transferred to Boreham Hall, where the supposed narrator of the story goes to stay. Lady Boreham (who drops all her "h's") is described almost exactly as French caricatures of English women are drawn. Nothing in her "parlour told of the grace and charm of a woman's presence." "Her face was pallid and of a pasty complexion; her hair a toneless brown, and twisted at the front into some stiff curls that stood like palisades before a queer little cap; her eyes a dull grey; her nose quite shapeless; and from her always half-open mouth there projected slightly two large white teeth. She was not bony, nor even slender; yet a mannish absence of roundness and fulness deprived her figure of all the grace and charm peculiar to womanhood." As for her husband, Sir Charles Boreham, "his manner had become as heavy as his person"; and all the guests in the house are described in the same fashion. "The ladies were entirely devoid of personal attraction," and the only person in the house that moved the admiration of the writer was one of the female servants. He saw her "on two or three occasions," and sets forth her charms with an amount of amorous detail which our limited space forbids us to reproduce. "Whenever she appeared she blotted her mistress out of existence for any man who had eyes and a brain behind them." "It was well," he delicately concludes, "that Sir Charles was not a man of finer perceptions and more flexible nature." The whole party at Boreham Hall are as ignorant of America as the patrician in the train; and the same stupid wrangling about the two countries is repeated, the English (no doubt owing to national stolidity) being able to keep their tempers, and the Americans being correspondingly ruffled in theirs. By and by an invitation to lunch comes from Lord Poppingham. He was the nobleman in the train whose acquaintance the Americans had made, and was also an old friend of Sir Charles Boreham. Such being the case, Sir Charles, in visiting him, is "as much at his unconscious ease as if he were a duke." Otherwise, as we are led to infer by this acute observer of English manners, a baronet would feel not a little abashed at finding himself in the presence of an earl. The amount of ease which the members of the aristocracy feel in one another's company is apparently, according to Mr. White, graduated according to their titular rank. A viscount would enter the house of a marquis with fear and trembling, but, as a compensation, he would be conscious of inspiring those feelings when he deigned to visit a mere baron. The company at Lord Poppingham's is described as being, in great part, "literary," and is as totally imbecile and ignorant as the rest of our countrymen to whom Mr. White is good enough to introduce us.

It is here that Mr. Washington Adams, who is in fact Mr. Humphreys in disguise, makes his appearance. His object is to show the company what he supposes that they suppose a genuine American to be like. Accordingly, he deliberately makes a beast of himself. He talks the vilest jargon, draws a huge bowie-knife before the company and sharpens it on his shoe, whittles away at a big piece of pinewood which he carries about his person, draws a large revolver and volunteers to give an exhibition of his shooting powers. He next takes out a plug of chewing tobacco, shapes it with his knife, and then uses the latter to clean his nails. He goes on to expectorate before the company, and causes the lady of the house to have a spittoon brought to him. When the party finally go in to lunch they again fall to wrangling about England and America, the quarrel being diversified by Mr. Adams picking his teeth at table with a bowie-knife. When he has finished this operation, he reads a very stupid parody of Walt Whitman—a writer who, more than almost anybody, lays himself open to clever parody—and takes his leave with a final outburst of American slang. He is last seen reclining in a four-wheeled cab and sticking his foot out of the window.

The only motive that we can imagine to have led a writer to publish this short and tiresome book is the craving to let off some ill-feeling which he cherishes towards this country, or to avenge some real or fancied slight which has been put upon him. Mr. White's Englishmen are as different from those which appear in the careful studies of Mr. Henry James as bad work can be from good. Mr. James's description and analysis never go far below the surface; but, so far as they do go, they are minutely accurate; the circumstances in which he places his characters are natural and probable; and the tone in which he writes is habitually

\* *Mr. Washington Adams in England*. By Richard Grant White. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

*Our American Cousins*. By W. E. Adams. London: Walter Scott. 1883.

amiable and courteous. There is more effective satire on phases of English society in such a story as the *International Episode* than in a dozen tales like this; and it is satire made the more telling by its delicacy and moderation. The plan of Mr. White's story is, in itself, not a bad one; and, in the hands of a writer of wit and knowledge of English life, much might have been made of it. But this is worse than a bad book from a literary point of view; it is a mischievous book, though its badness happily takes away much of its chance of doing harm. For some years past the relations between England and America have been steadily becoming more and more what every civilized person desires them to be. The two countries now know and understand one another as they have never done in the past. The mutual criticism of one upon the other has been of late not only more friendly in its tone, but more intelligent and well-informed. In both countries there are plenty of things which any critic, foreign or native, may fairly find fault with; but the fuller knowledge which the two nations have of each other leads the better critics to hit the right nails on the head, and not miss them, as Mr. White uniformly does. There is an expressive word, drawn from University life in America, which exactly describes the mental condition of such writers as Mr. White. At Harvard and elsewhere, when a student passes out of the freshman stage and enters on his second year of study, he becomes what is termed a "Sophomore," and the attitude of mind characteristic of one who has reached this point in his education, and not got beyond it, is aptly termed "sophomoric." One of the noticeable features in the Sophomore is that he pronounces with much gravity, and *ex cathedra*, his opinion on matters which, when he is better instructed, he finds out that he has not understood at all. What amuses mature persons who may listen to him is most of all the solemnity with which he gives his opinion, and the weight which he seems to attach to it. If Mr. White could have treated his story in the manner of Mr. Mark Twain, it would not have been a bad one; and, thus treated, he could have allowed himself to bring in anything unreal or incongruous that he pleased without spoiling the effect. But Mr. White is not Mr. Mark Twain. There is not a spark of humour or fun in the whole book. It is meant to give, so far as it goes, an essentially accurate picture of what English society is and of its attitude towards Americans; and this picture is not only false, but has not even the semblance of reality. For these reasons we cannot recommend Mr. White's book to those Americans who may wish to inform themselves about England, though we can heartily recommend Mr. Adams's to those Englishmen who want to know something about America.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

THIS little book (1) is a list of words whose etymologies, as given by Professor Skeat, are disputed by Mr. Wedgwood. For those who desire certainty and authority the book is not very pleasant reading. It is, however, useful to turn over its pages, if only to be reminded of the absolute necessity of ascertaining the history of every word, its early use and first meaning, and to observe how uncertain are many etymologies of the most common words and what a quantity of history may be come across in the investigation of a single word. Take, for instance, the word *gun*. Professor Skeat cites *W. gun*, a bowl, a gun; Irish and Gaelic *gunna*, a gun. This Mr. Wedgwood will not for a moment admit, arguing that the name of an implement of siege is hardly likely to have been borrowed from a people in the condition of the Welsh. The word occurs, in the year 1408, in Trevisa's version of "Vegetius," in which allusion is made to "grete gonnez that shete now a daies stones of so grete peyse that no wall may withstaunde them"; a passage is quoted from the "Practica" of John Arderne, a surgeon of the time of Edward III., in which he says, talking of gunpowder, "cest poudre vault a getter pelottes de fer, ou de plom, ou d'aveyne, ou un instrument qe l'em appellent *gonne*"; and, in 1375, Barbour calls cannon "cracks of war," or "gins for cracks." Mr. Wedgwood, having thus carried his word back as far as it will go, proceeds to find his own etymology for it. Then follows an illustration of the weak point in most "contested etymologies." He hunts everywhere for a word something like *gun*, and finally hits upon the French *guigner*, to wink. Professor Skeat may be wrong in this case, but we cannot think Mr. Wedgwood is right. Why a *gun* should be named after the winking of the eye which goes with its discharge any more than from the running away of the man at whom it is aimed is difficult to understand. The word *pamphlet* is another common case. Professor Skeat suggested that, as there was once a writer of commentaries and abbreviations named Pamphila, she might have been so popular as to have given rise to an O.E. word *pamflet*. This seems going pretty far round, and there is no evidence of the existence of any such word used as an epitome, and the writer Pamphila seems to have been absolutely unknown in the middle ages; Chaucer, speaking of his lengthy "Testament of Love," calls it "this lewde pamflet." Mr. Wedgwood suggests very simply that it is a nasal form of *papeletta*, from the Sp. *papel*, just as in Dutch *paper* is *pampin*.

So much has been written of the early life of Prince Albert (2)

(1) *Contested Etymologies*. By Hensleigh Wedgwood. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *The Early Homes of Prince Albert*. By H. Rimmer. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

that there seemed hardly any room for another book on the subject. Mr. Alfred Rimmer, however, may plead in excuse for his book the beauty and novelty of his illustrations. These ought to make every one who turns over the pages of this volume to resolve immediately to go a-pilgrimage to Thuringia, if only to see the perfectly beautiful bits of building which are here figured from the author's own sketches. Setting apart the stiff and barrack-like castles, such as Altenburg, Hildburghausen, and Wurtzburg, there are drawings of Rosenau, the mills, breweries, houses, streets, and fountains of Coburg, the courts and bastions of Coburg Castle, the streets of Gotha and Eisenach, and a great many other places well worthy of being visited and sketched. As regards the letter-press, we are not yet far enough removed from the death of the Prince Consort to assign him his true place and proportion in the history of the century. In some twenty chapters Mr. Rimmer has put together a good deal of talk about the Prince and the places where he lived; he breaks down ludicrously in an attempt to explain the origin and history of the Ducal Houses of Germany, and has to confess that the subject is altogether beyond his understanding; he devotes two chapters to the condition of Germany some years before the birth of Prince Albert, quoting Steffens's account of the scene after the battle of Jena, in which, as a bystander remarked, the Prussians were defeated with honour "because they never once got out of step." The Prince, as everybody knows, was born at Rosenau, which is very prettily described by the author. How the Prince went to Bonn, travelled about Germany, went boar-shooting, became a farmer, brought the Queen to see the home of his youth, and was generally beloved by the people may be read over again by those who wish in Mr. Rimmer's pages.

It is a great many years since the appearance of the first edition of *The Land and the Book* (3), which has, for many good and sufficient reasons, always held its own among popular descriptions of Palestine. First written before scientific research was understood or thought of, the new edition, although revised, shows the old-fashioned attitude of mind as regards the ruins scattered over the country. For instance, little attention is bestowed upon the recent classification of the tombs with which the land is so crowded; the methods by which masonry has been made to reveal the secret of its origin are ignored; and yet the book seems to suffer little, for it is written for the great class of unscientific readers, the people who want to know what Carmel looks like, who see in a description of the fallen Crusaders' work at Ascalon a fulfilment of prophecy, and in every ruin, even of late Saracenic work, an overthrown Israelite stronghold. No other book so fully and completely answers the questions which occur naturally to ordinary readers of the Bible, whom the depression of the Dead Sea, the geological problems of the country, the varieties of its climate, its wonderfully interesting Flora, its curiously rich yet disappointing archaeological treasures, do not attract at all. Dr. Thomson writes for those who would rather dredge the Red Sea for Pharaoh's chariot wheels than survey the coast of Galilee in order to ascertain the exact site of Bethsaida.

This book (4) was, we suppose, originally compiled for a country newspaper, and contains the second series of a number of gossiping county sketches, by no means without merit in their way, though the matter is sometimes spoiled by the manner. Sussex is a county which contains perhaps better materials than most for such a purpose; but every county has its ancient families and traditions all worth recording, not only in the pages of the great county history, but also in a lighter and more popular form. To those who like their county history thus treated, without genealogies, family records, arms and crests, lists of sheriffs and knights, and the dry details with which the conscientious antiquary fills his pages, we recommend Mr. Fleet's books. Here they may read the story of the Pelham buckle; how the Percies began, and how they fared, in Sussex; of the Shirleys, the Shelleys, the Sussex martyrs, the Quakers of Sussex, and a great many other curious and interesting topics. What Mr. Fleet has done for Sussex, we hope will be done for every other county in England.

This history of Flint (5) is a most careful and praiseworthy compilation. The author has very wisely refrained from any endeavour to set off his facts by a literary style, but has been content to write them down in chronological order. It may be that certain portions of this chronicle may be written again by some master of the literary craft. Mr. Taylor may rest satisfied that no one can ever again write about Flint or any episode in the history of Flint without consulting his own chronicle. It shows that he understands the first duty of a borough historian—namely, to collect every fact and every name connected with the town, and to set them down without omission. Sheriffs of the County, Knights of the Shire, Burgesses returned to Parliament, Constables of the Castle, Mayors, Rectors, Magistrates, Churchwardens, Overseers, and Guardians—all are set down. It cannot be said that the result is a work which permits itself to be read quite through at a sitting; but there are many parts of the greatest interest, especially that which deals with Richard II. and his capture by Bolingbroke. The volume is illustrated by drawings of unequal merit; the plans and sketches of the castle and other monuments being very good, while some of the sketches are puerile and beneath the dignity of so learned a work. However, the book is valuable as a borough

(3) *The Land and the Book: Central Palestine and Phœnicia*. By W. D. Thomson, D.D. London: Nelson & Sons.

(4) *Glimpses of our Ancestors in Sussex*. By Charles Fleet. Second Series. Lewes: Farncombe & Co.

(5) *Historic Notices of the Borough and County Town of Flint*. By Henry Taylor. London: Elliot Stock.



chronicle, and this is doubtless the highest praise which its author would desire for it.

This reprint of the admirable translations of Mādhava's chapters (6), which first appeared in the *Benares Pandit* in 1874-1878, will be welcomed by all who concern themselves with what Professor Monier Williams calls "Indian Wisdom." Mādhava's work is a critical review of the principal systems of philosophy which have exercised the greatest minds of India throughout its middle age. From the Vedānta point of view (for Mādhava was in 1331 elected Prior of the Smārta Order, founded by Śaṅkara Achārya in the eighth century), these systems are arranged in a progressive series, beginning with the Chārvāka and Buddha, as being the furthest removed from the Vedānta, and gradually ascending to the Sāṅkhya and Yoga, the systems nearest approaching to the author's, and therefore the highest. "The work itself," as Professor Cowell says, "is an interesting specimen of Hindu critical ability. The author successively passes in review the sixteen philosophical systems current in the fourteenth century in the South of India, and gives what appeared to him to be their most important tenets, and the principal arguments by which their followers endeavoured to maintain them; and he often displays some quaint humour as he throws himself for the time into the position of their advocate, and holds, as it were, a temporary brief in behalf of opinions entirely at variance with his own. We may sometimes differ from him in his judgment of the relative importance of their doctrines, but it is always interesting to see the point of view of an acute native critic. In the course of his sketches he frequently explains at some length obscure details in the different systems, and I can hardly imagine a better guide for the European reader who wishes to study any one of these Darśanas in its native authorities." One great merit in his accounts of the various systems is the fact that, as a rule, he draws his observations directly from the works of their founders or their chief exponents. It would be a poor compliment to say that the translators have made the work pleasant reading; the subject-matter is confessedly obscure, and the book demands careful and repeated study. But the study will not be thrown away; there is so much that is true and more that is attractive in these Hindu systems that the student cannot fail to be thankful to Professors Cowell and Gough for their scholarly rendering of a work that gives a compendious exposition of the principal doctrines. The comparative notes added by the translators materially increase the value and intelligibility of the text.

The series of little books devoted to the biographies of great artists has not enjoyed a high reputation as far as it has yet gone, and the last volume which has been published (7) is not one of the few exceptions to the rule. It is, in fact, not a biography at all, but a mere collection of notes and quotations, out of which a coherent narrative might possibly be constructed. Mr. Mollett has apparently gone carefully through the proper authorities; but his way of using them is not artistic. He strings his quotations together, and leaves the reader to make the most of them. At least a third of the book has been made out of MM. Arsène Houssaye, Léon Dumont, Gersaint, and Burger, by a free use of paste and scissors. When there is any obscurity in Watteau's history Mr. Mollett seems really to have no opinion of his own. He simply repeats contradictory reports and washes his hands of the whole business. Of art criticism there is absolutely none at all. Mr. Mollett vaguely says that the painter's colour was fine and that he was the true successor of Rubens; but the reader has to accept these propositions on his authority, quite unsupported by argument. The quotations—which, as we have said, abound in the book—are translated in the baldest possible fashion. Indeed, Mr. Mollett's English is not altogether above reproach, for he speaks of Watteau as sitting in a "scene of country" in one sentence. The illustrations are as bald and scrappy as they usually are in this series.

All roads lead to Rome, and there is therefore nothing to wonder at in the fact that a padlock should be a good starting-point from which to arrive at considerations on the routes followed by early commerce and the development of primitive civilizations (8). The road is long; but General Pitt-Rivers contrives to travel all along it in the thirty quarto pages of his essay on the Development and Distribution of Primitive Locks and Keys. The author begins with the simple wooden bolt which is the most obvious way of fastening a door, and then shows how simple contrivance developed into an elaborate lock under the influence of human rascality. Something had to be found to keep the fingers of the envious off their neighbours' property. General Pitt-Rivers has formed a complete collection of early locks and keys, and the text of his essay is copiously illustrated by drawings of specimens in his own possession. He is very sober in the use of technical terms, and by comparing his explanations with the diagrams in the plates, it is easy for the least instructed reader to understand how the various locks worked. It is equally plain that these instruments were formed on the same principles as those in use to-day, but they were much

larger and somewhat clumsy. Some of the most primitive forms seem still to be in use in outlying countries, such as Norway and the Highlands of Scotland. After showing what the locks were, General Pitt-Rivers proceeds to inquire how it is that the same kinds are to be found in such widely separated countries as Japan and Sweden. He rejects the theory that the simplest mechanical forms can have been independently developed, and shows that the intercourse between Europe and the East, in the earlier times of the Roman Empire, was close enough to explain how it is that we find the same instruments in use in countries lying so far apart from one another. His explanation is plausible, and is curiously illustrated by the fact that a rude form of wooden lock, once common in Scotland, is still used by the negroes in Jamaica, who doubtless took it from the Scotch settlers, and have remained satisfied with it long after the whites have given it up.

People who hold the curious creed that a holiday is an excellent opportunity to get rid of the comforts of life may possibly be tempted by Mrs. Lee to make a walking tour in Alsace. From her "narrative (9) of a tour in the Vosges" it appears that these mountains afford peculiar facilities to any one who wishes to lose his way, to enjoy German cookery, and to sleep in beds which are "not damp but wet." For the rest, her book is readable enough. It abounds, after the fashion of accounts of tours, in mild jokes and details of the different mishaps of the tourists. Mrs. Lee and her husband met the usual noisy and offensive Englishman, and had the usual crows to pick with their guidebook. They did not find that Baedeker was to be trusted. About the Vosges country and its people not much is to be learnt from Mrs. Lee. There is no novelty in the information that the Alsatian peasantry are poor, and that they do not love their new masters the Germans, who are overbearing and pedantic. Mrs. Lee seems to share their feelings very strongly, for she cannot mention a German with civility, though we do not gather from her book that she had any serious cause of complaint with them. As her object is to recommend the Vosges to holiday-seekers in want of a new playground, she has been well advised in giving a list of her expenses. It certainly appears that the trip was a cheap one, but the ladies who are prepared to go on walking tours with a stalwart husband to carry the knapsack—the author is careful to say more than once that Mr. Lee is a tall fellow, and good man of his hands—and who are prepared to trudge through rain with their dresses pinned up round their waist, improvise petticoats out of shawls, and sleep over stables—all of which feats Mrs. Lee performed—can calculate on being able to travel cheaply anywhere. Economy would be possible in the Western Highlands on such terms.

We do not clearly understand what is meant by the words "After the Danish" on Mrs. Beringer's title-page. We have heard of a picture as being after such or such a master, but a book is generally supposed to be either an original or a translation. Mrs. Oscar Beringer may be either the author or the translator of *Beloved of the Gods* (10), unless indeed she has taken a leaf out of the playwright's book and "adapted" the work of some Danish novelist. We cannot say that in any of its three possible characters of imitation, translation, or adaptation *Beloved of the Gods* is a good story. It is painfully barren of incident, and ends in a tragedy which is so sudden and unnecessary as to be quite ludicrous. At first, we had hopes that the author was not making a hackneyed classical quotation in the title, and that "Beloved of the Gods" only meant that the hero was a very lucky young man. This youth is a Danish student of the name of Hubert Brédal, who has been blessed with great personal beauty, but who has a weakness for falling in love with Princesses and bright particular stars of that kind. On a sea voyage he has met with a certain Countess Olfers, the loveliest of women, and has had the good fortune to render her the service of keeping her courage up during an alarm of shipwreck. On this occasion the fortunate young man has held the Countess Olfers in his arms, and his susceptible heart has been deeply wounded. Now, while he is brooding over these things, he has the further good-luck to save the life of the Austrian Ambassador, and about the same time to win a prize in the lottery, for fortune is never tired of running after this youth. The Ambassador takes him into his service as secretary, and introduces him into society. He soon meets his Countess, who, it appears, is the maiden widow of a Spanish grandee of the quite impossible name of Count Joantho. The Spaniards are notoriously a polite people, and Count Joantho has had the good taste to die a few hours after the marriage ceremony, leaving his widow a great fortune. The course of true love runs astonishingly smooth for Hubert Brédal. The Countess surrenders at the first summons. Wherever he goes, he has but to look and conquer. He aggressively treads on the toes of a Russian diplomatist, who immediately becomes his warm admirer and sings his praises. He snubs the Italian Minister, who is also an admirer of the Countess Olfers; and the Minister has him appointed Italian Consul at Seville. As these events are supposed to happen in 1830, we find it hard to account for the existence of Italian Ministers and Consuls thirty years or so before there was any kingdom of Italy; but such trumpery matters of detail are, perhaps, overlooked in the State of Denmark. However that may be, Hubert Brédal sails to take possession of the post which can never have existed, and is accompanied by the widow of the Spanish Count with the impossible name. They are to be married

(6) *The Sarva-Darśana-Saṅgraha; or, Review of the Different Systems of Hindu Philosophy.* By Mādhava Achārya. Translated by E. B. Cowell, M.A., Professor of Sanskrit and Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and A. E. Gough, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in the Presidency College, and Principal of the Madrasa, Calcutta. (Trübner's Oriental Series.)

(7) *The Great Artists—Watteau.* By J. M. Mollett, B.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(8) *On the Development and Distribution of Primitive Locks and Keys.* By Lieut.-General Pitt-Rivers, F.R.S. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

(9) *In the Alsatian Mountains.* By Katharine Lee, Author of "A Western Wildflower" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

(10) *Beloved of the Gods.* (After the Danish.) By Mrs. Oscar Beringer. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

at the end of the voyage—a detail which the ardent hero seems inclined to overlook—and all seems merry as a marriage-bell, when a line-of-battle ship comes crashing into their brig, and down she goes, man and mouse. The title had to be justified, of course, but then why was it chosen? Why not call the book "The Happy Man," and leave the loving couple among the Countess's orange-trees in the mountains near Seville. The improbabilities would have been consistent then. Whenever Mrs. Oscar Beringer writes another story "after the Danish," we hope she will think of that.

The Rev. Henry Wood's *Season among the Wild Flowers* (11) belongs to what may be called the science-made-palatable family of books. It is meant to give the reader the greatest possible amount of botany with the least possible trouble to himself. Mr. Wood says in his preface that "these papers were the medium of weekly communications during a spring and summer between the writer and a number of persons, of whom many are personally known to him; hence they have acquired a conversational style. They aim at giving simple, but accurate, information respecting the principal natural orders and genera of our British Flora, with occasional references, chiefly in the earlier papers, to the place of the 'plants in the Linnaean System.' Mr. Wood's book will, doubtless, be found a useful companion to the primer, by beginners in the study of botany.

Readers who are interested in the important question of forest management will welcome Dr. Brown's (12) account of the system followed in Finland. His volume is the third of a series to which it is proposed to give a considerable extension. The first volume dealt with the ancient forests of England, and the second with the "French Forest Ordinance of 1669." "The object aimed at" in this and similar volumes "is to produce popular technical treatises which may be useful to students of Forest Science who have not access to the works quoted, by stating views which have been advanced and have commanded attention, and by citing or giving translation of statements bearing upon them, in such a form as to place readers in a position to work out for themselves a solution of problems raised, should they be so disposed." Dr. Brown does not confine himself to merely technical matters, but makes use of the knowledge, gained in many visits to Finland, to give an interesting general account of the country, the people, and their industries.

The dedication of Burnham Beeches to the public will make the publication of Mr. Heath's (13) well-known treatise in a cheap form opportune for those readers whose interest in forestry is not technical, but artistic.

If a name was of any importance we might ask why Mr. Reeve's little volume of verse is called *Love and Music* (14). There is not more love than usual, and music is represented by a rather pointless satire on the Wagnerites. It may be true that the advanced school are tainted with quackery, but there is little skill in making one of them confess it fatuously. Quacks are not usually found to be fond of the name. But mysterious titles are apparently a weakness with Mr. Reeve, otherwise he would not have chosen "Pre-Raphaelite" as the name of one of his poems, which is either an allegory too profound for the unassisted human intellect or else means nothing. His verse is of that smooth sort which is found to give unmixed pleasure to the writer.

*Bouquet* (15) is the title of a collection of translations—some forty in all—by Mr. W. Bayley. They are from the classics or the Italian, and the verse is easy enough.

It is not pleasant to have to say of pious and well-meaning persons that their works are detestable in spirit; but no other adjective can with equal justice be used of Miss S. Ursula Gardiner's *Children of Light* (16). It is a collection of exhortations to children to become teetotallers, and appeals throughout to the vanity and priggishness natural to extreme youth. The children are earnestly reminded that it is their duty to set an example to their elders. The parent who is cursed with a follower of Miss Ursula Gardiner's among his offspring would be fully justified in falling back on the argument used by the elder Mr. Twain when his arithmetic was corrected by his son.

If all is good that is upcome, the *Musical Biography* edited by Mr. Baptie (17) should be a useful book. It aims at giving an account of every musician of note in the space of 256 octavo pages printed in double columns. As a matter of course, it is only the most important dates which are given, and there is no attempt at criticism. It is purely a book of reference, and its worth can only be tested by long use.

"The theories propounded in the following pages," says Mr. McCurric in the preface to his *Planetary Distances* (18), "are in every sense revolutionary, and therefore cannot be expected to gain

the ascendancy without a struggle." Revolutionary theories about such serious matters are too important things to discuss here, and so we can do no more than just announce that they have been propounded. One comment, however, we do venture to make, and it is that it has generally been found that revolutionary theories about astronomy turn out with remarkable frequency to be old fallacies with a new face.

Mr. H. F. Campbell's *English Word Study* (19) is designed to supply examples for Dr. Bain's *Higher English Grammar*. In his preface he says:—"I have aimed at making the Exercises consist almost entirely of the study of words. Alike under Classification, Inflection, and Derivation, the attention of the pupil is concentrated on individual words." The value of a book of this class depends mainly on the way in which it is used by the schoolmaster; but Mr. Campbell's examples seem to be carefully selected from the masters of English style.

The *Trinummus* (20) is one of the plays particularly associated with Westminster School, and it is highly appropriate that two of the masters should have edited an edition of the play for the Clarendon Press.

The Clarendon Press has also added *Samson Agonistes* (21) to its series of English classics. The introduction and the notes are by Mr. J. C. Collins.

We have also received a collection of easy passages of Latin and Greek for "unseen translation" (22). The selection is made by Mr. C. S. Jerram, and it is published by the Clarendon Press.

Messrs. Chambers publish a text of *Physiography* (23), adapted to the syllabus of the South Kensington Science Department, by Dr. Andrew Findlater.

Dr. Henry Morley's "Universal Library" (24) grows apace. He has just added Southey's translation of the *Chronicle of the Cid*, with an Introduction by himself, in which he gives some account of the life of the translator.

Among new editions and reprints some mention must be made of the Riverside Edition of Hawthorne (25), which has now reached its tenth volume. The ninth contains the American Note-Book, and the last the French and Italian Note-Book.

The Parchment Library Shakspeare (26) has now reached its eleventh volume.

Mr. R. C. Hope has brought out a second edition of his work on "Dialectical Place-Nomenclature" (27), with considerable additions.

The very pretty little edition of American authors published by David Douglas has been increased by two volumes of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (28).

The literature of "self-help" must enjoy an astounding degree of popularity in this generation, and the Memoir of the brothers Chambers (29) must be the best liked book in it. A twelfth edition of that work, with a supplementary chapter, has now been published.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's edition of Richardson (30) has been carried forward to the tenth volume, which is the second of *Sir Charles Grandison*.

The labours of Parliament during last Sessions are already beginning to bear fruit—in the shape, at least, of law books. Messrs. Mattinson and Macaskie have compiled a treatise on the law relating to Corrupt Practices (31), something of the kind having been rendered necessary by the last Act on the subject.

The text of the Act (32), with an introduction and notes, has been published by Mr. H. Hobhouse.

The handsome volume of reports published by the Turkish Compassionate Fund (33) will doubtless be received in a way to justify the hopes of the editor. It is strictly a collection of reports unenlivened by personal reminiscences, and designed to show in the most business-like way what was the work which the trustees and agents of the Fund had to do, and how they did it. Incident—

(11) *A Season among the Wild Flowers*. By the Rev. Henry Wood. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1883.

(12) *Finland: its Forests and Forest Management*. Compiled by J. C. Brown, LL.D. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1883.

(13) *Burnham Beeches*. By F. G. Heath. Shilling Edition (being the Fourth). London: Rider & Sons. 1883.

(14) *Love and Music*. By Percy Reeve. London: David Bogué. 1883.

(15) *Bouquet*. By William Bayley. London: Bayley's. 1883.

(16) *Children of Light*. By S. Ursula Gardiner. London: Church of England Temperance Society.

(17) *A Handbook of Musical Biography*. Compiled and edited by David Baptie. London: Morley & Co.

(18) *The Planetary Distances*. By L. McCurric. London: Collins, Sons, & Co. 1883.

(19) *English Word Study: a Series of Exercises in English Etymology*. By Hugh F. Campbell, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1883.

(20) *T. Macci Plauti Trinummus*. Clarendon Press Series. By C. E. Freeman and the Rev. A. Sloman, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

(21) *Milton—Samson Agonistes*. Clarendon Press Series. Edited by J. C. Collins. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1883.

(22) *Reddenda Minora; or, Easy Passages for Unseen Translation*. Clarendon Press Series. By C. S. Jerram, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1883.

(23) *Physiography*. By Andrew Findlater, M.A., LL.D. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1883.

(24) *Chronicle of the Cid*. From the Spanish, by Robert Southey. Morley's Universal Library. London: Routledge & Sons. 1883.

(25) *Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne*. Riverside Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(26) *Shakspeare's Works*. Parchment Library. Vol. XI. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(27) *A Glossary of Dialectical Place-Nomenclature*. By R. C. Hope. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1883.

(28) *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. By O. W. Holmes. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

(29) *Memoir of William and Robert Chambers*. By William Chambers, LL.D. Edinburgh and London: W. & R. Chambers. 1883.

(30) *The Works of S. Richardson*. London: Sotheran & Co. 1883.

(31) *The Law relating to Corrupt Practices at Elections*. By M. W. Mattinson and S. C. Macaskie. London: Waterlow & Sons. 1883.

(32) *The Parliamentary Elections Act 1883*. Edited by Henry Hobhouse, M.A. London: Maxwell & Co. 1883.

(33) *The Turkish Compassionate Fund*. Compiled by H. Mainwaring Dunstan. Edited by Mr. Burdett Coutts. London: Remington & Co. 1883.



ally, it illustrates the Russian method of conducting war, and shows how little the Bulgarians deserved the sympathy lavished on them a few years ago.

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(34) *Works of W. M. Thackeray*. Vol. I. *Vanity Fair*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

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